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Around Town.

I suppose all those who can have gone away somewhere for the summer. I know of nothing more absurd than the migration of the majority of those who feel it to be absolutely necessary to take a trip, or have a cottage, or spend a couple of months in the country. There are few places as favorably situated as Toronto for spending the summer. It never gets very hot here, and when the temperature rises, we have the Island, lakeside parks and excursion steamers galore, and if there is a breeze anywhere, we can find it and get back home at night to a comfortable bed. In spite of this, Toronto people feel that they are out of luck if they can't go away to some seaside resort, or up the lakes, where such discomforts as they would not tolerate at home are the invariable rule. Of course a change of air is a good thing, but is this half considered by those who are on pleasure bent? Those who go up to Lake Simcoe, Georgian Bay and Muskoka, obtain a change of air, for the altitude is some four hundred feet greater; but on the Island, as well as along the shore of Lake Ontario, the change is insignificant and can be had without a change of residence, by taking excursions on the lake.

In Muskoka, if you have a cottage, the troubles of housekeeping are increased by the distance from the source of supplies and servants are hard to manage. In the majority of the hotels the conveniences are scant, the hotelkeepers inexperienced, the pleasures few and the organization of the guests for the proper spending of the time neglected. Somehow people seldom think far enough ahead to make their summering as pleasant as possible. If they buy or build a cottage they are tied to the same place year after year and it grows monotonous. The house-boat is the best scheme there is for a summer change. It is cheaper and infinitely more delightful than a cottage. One nicely finished and furnished, with bunks for twelve or fifteen can be built for a thousand dollars, including a sail-boat and pair of skiffs. When you want to use it for a "stag" party it can be towed to the fishing grounds in Georgian Bay early in the season. When the family or two families use it, they can embark at a convenient port, store the larder and icehouse and be towed to some island or tie up near the cottage of some friends, moving away when the impulse of change takes possession of the owners. Two families can easily find room in house-boat of this sort, using it both together or in rotation. If the ladies are timorous a camp outfit can be taken along and the tent erected on land, or if the party is too large to sleep comfortably on the boat a tent can be used as a sleeping annex, with the boat as culinary headquarters. In this way fifteen or twenty people could explore Georgian Bay and the Muskoka lakes, testing the fishing in bays and rivers and photographing all the points of interest. A ladies school could spend the vacation in botanical, geological and piscatorial pursuits, and if the house-boat idea grew as it ought to, congenial spirits could find quite a village of floating habitations which would not be tied to any locality or company.

The house-boat is the democratic summer resort. It embodies the idea of change, congenial company and adventure. It is the *creme de la creme* of summering, of unhampered idleness, of having a good time, of the ability to escape from uncongenial surroundings, from unhappy companions. If you want the Thousand Islands for a summer you have only to hire a passing tug to take you there; if a river invites your fancy the steam launch of a friend will tow you to the desired place. It discounts a cottage one thousand per cent. for comfort and in its adaptability to the wants of the hunting, fishing and domestic elements of a family it is the solution of the summer, hunting and fishing problems. Venice with its gondolas, Canada with its canoes, the ocean steamer with its comforts are united in an inexpensive scheme for pleasure and convenience and change of air.

After all in a scheme for summering what is really the greatest difficulty to surmount? Babies! The time when we want to go somewhere and enable the wife to have a change of scene and circumstance is when there is a youngster so immature that he or she may be expected to yell ten hours out of the twenty-four. A hotel will answer for neither the baby

nor the mother, neither the guests nor the proprietor will be happy. The little beggar is teething, we may say. He needs a change of air and a cool temperature. His lungs are good, and he would squall a hotel tired in an hour. What is to be done? His laundry arrangements in themselves are not easy to provide for. A cradle, rocking chair and food are alone difficulties not to be overcome on an excursion steamer or summer hotel. The house-boat fixes it; the nurse and the conveniences can be provided, the tent and the squalling can go together, and the most difficult period in married life—how to summer a baby—is settled.

was expected to rise for breakfast at seven a.m., and if I failed to do so a bell was rung every five minutes until I had been disposed of in connection with the morning meal. In every two cases out of three I had to go down to the common wash-room behind the bar for my morning ablutions. In a galvanized iron wash-dish a quart of rainwater could be obtained filled with wrigglers and bad smell. After wetting your face with this fluid, the exciting part of the performance began. A towel of the endless chain pattern hung on a roller, already moist and discolored by frequent use. Perhaps twenty people had already wiped upon it!

nourishment, that you feel disposed to take refuge in flight. As the baby smacks his lips and fondles the source of supply, she tells you how hard she has to work and explains the round of duties which makes it difficult for her to spend as much time with her guests as she would like. You hint that you had thought of writing a letter, but she is generous, and assures you that she has a little spell before she starts to get dinner. After she leaves you the landlord brings in the oldest inhabitant, who loads you up with remembrances, and drinks whenever you invite him. Other local celebrities are introduced and drink at your

calls the "brown sugar tavern" is the same today, yesterday and forever, except that it grows a little worse. Any city person who tries to summer there might as well commit suicide at once.

There are rules and professors and all sorts of devices to enable us to remember things, but life would be happier if people bent their energies more in the direction of forgetting things. Of course if the man who owes us ten dollars had really forgotten to pay we might hope that a wave of recollection would strike him, but forgetting to pay debts, either financial or otherwise, is a matter of conscience rather than of memory. In sentimental things it were better for people to forget. This is a sweeping assertion and of course open to objections. Think how few they are! Are all to forget the ties of consanguinity, the love and care of father, mother, brother or sister? Certainly not, but are we to care for them simply because they cared for us? Are the sweetest ties of life to be made a matter of paying a debt? Is not the pleasure of doing a loving act often spoiled by the suggestion, that "well, you couldn't do anything else, you've had favors enough and ought to pay some of them back." Possibly, but you should remember that gratitude is not a matter of memory; indeed the French cynic defined it as a lively sense of favors to come. Those who rely on memory for the repayment of favors will be grievously left. *If the favor did not excite affection it will never be repaid.* This is the basis of the whole matter.

There is a popular idea that fear is a wholesome adjunct of memory, and some unwholesome writers have gone so far as to say that gratitude is the mental attitude of those who are either expectant or afraid. This is wider than the French definition and more truthful. Aside from the element of affection upon which generosity and kindness are based it is absolutely correct. A man or woman who has no love for you, hopes to gain nothing from you, and fears nothing of you, will never strive a hair's breadth to serve you. Memory has little to do with love; the belief that it has or should have is a disturbing folly. You start in holy horror and feel that I am heterodox and in human! No matter what you may call it, I am right. If I have no reason to love you now I am apt not to love you. Duty may impel me to be good to you but affection is the basis of duty. The impulse must be founded on something which once made me love you, and which time has been unable to destroy. The recalling of what you did will not stir me to grateful remembrance if the good act is flashed by the lantern of memory on a hard and sterile hear. Memory, indeed, plays but a poor part in life's loves, and it is well that it is so.

Think of it! If we were to tie ourselves to the past, if our embraces were to hold nothing but that which began long ago where would we be. I say if we were to cling to nothing but the past, because our arms will not hold all of yesterday and to-day. If we are wedded to yesterday, we are almost forced to close our hearts to the things of now. Why, oh! thou sentimental, should I love my wife whose hair is gray and whose face is wrinkled, because she was fair and sweet in her youth? I cannot, you cannot! If I do not love her for what she is now, I have ceased to love her. Why should you or I love the aged father or mother because they were the gentle guardians of our youth? We may argue that if they protected us for ten or twenty years

we have already done as much for them and may therefore discard them. We neither desert nor cherish them on any such theory. If we love them we care for them, if we do not we let the parish attend to their wants if they cannot attend to their own. Why do we make sacrifices for our children? Surely not because they have benefited us, nor with an idea that they may support us! Because we love them we try to make their future easier, more pleasant and more independent than our past has been. What has the much-vaunted memory to do with it?

Memory is the source of some pleasure and of nearly all of our miseries. Comparisons are said to be odious and the most unjust and disturbing comparisons are those we make between the present and the past. It is for this reason that I argue in favor of forgetfulness. If we are having a dull or depressing hour we sit down and look at the past until we persuade

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

Next year I'm going to have a house boat or perish in the attempt, and I advise the boat builders of our lake ports to be enterprising and build thirty or sixty, for they will have easy sale. It is a new idea in this country but a most popular one. On the Thames in England one can see a thousand of them; the love of change and the economics of the plan must make the idea popular here, and I presume there are not twenty now afloat.

Of all the means of spending a horrible, mosquito-bitten, dyspeptic summer, boarding at a farm house or country tavern is certainly the worst. Those who live in cities are accustomed to comforts which cannot be found in the ordinary country house. In the country hotel you may be sure the city stomach and cultured taste will find no sympathy. A recent experience gave me an opportunity of refreshing my memory with regard to the wayside hostelry. There was no privacy except in my bedroom, I

while the evil-smelling water drips down your neck, you hastily hunt for dry spots on the edges of the revolving towel and even after an exciting quest you are forced to quit before enough unmoistened surface has been discovered to absorb the rainwater, odor and wrigglers which have been taken on in an ill-advised attempt to be clean.

In the dining-room, breakfast is standing; the porridge is cold and crackling; the potatoes watery and gummy; the eggs are fried on both sides, and the coffee boiled and muddy. True, there are pies and marblecake, syrup and preserves, but who can eat such things for breakfast? In the stuffy parlor, rigorously closed to the fresh air and the sun lest flies get in and the sun fade the rag carpet, you sit down to write a letter. The landlady brings in the baby and endeavors to be entertaining. The infant squalls and she unbuttons such an unlimited section of her dress, in order to give the child

expense, and you are finally persuaded to go out to the barn and see Lord George Clydesdale, an imported horse which is on his weekly tour. His good points are duly explained and the weaknesses of rivals set forth; you are loaded into a buggy and taken to see some of his colts and a couple of imported cattle. After this you buy some more drinks and see the gentlemen of the village form in line before the bar with alacrity whenever you look interrogatively at the proprietor. I tell you it is fun alive.

Dinner is great. Roast beef cut lengthwise with the grain, cabbage, eggs and pie. Supper, cold beef, eggs, tea and pie. Bed at night stuffed with feathers or pine knots, equally uncomfortable. Pillows always lumpy. Room invariably small, dusty, musty, and closed tight as wax. The world may go ahead, steam, electricity and modern appliances may disturb cities and towns, but what Uncle Charlie Brown



ourselves that things were once very much brighter. In this way, we think we find happiness; that the brightness of the past illuminates the present darkness, but I'm doubtful if the borrowed light does not make the surrounding gloom all the deeper and more dispiriting. Somehow we have a knack of forgetting the nasty little trifles which kept us from enjoying ourselves and remember only the pretty things—things which at the time were endurable, nothing more. Looking back you may imagine the hills to have been clothed in brighter green, the woods to have been decked in gayer attire, the fields to have been filled with blossoms and the orchards garmented with more odorous blossoms, but as a matter of fact they were dingier than to-day and were hideous with gnarled stumps, ugly log piles and unsightly brush heaps. Keep away from the past. Mr. Man; look not back, Mrs. Woman, if you want to be happy! There is nothing in it.

This is quite a long introduction, but it is intended to explain the answer I am about to give a correspondent who is anxious to know in what respect the lady who visited me last week was in the wrong and what wives should do whose husbands—once so loving have grown cold.

Now, my dear woman, you rely too much on this memory business! You thought because you captured a youth, who perhaps had but little knowledge of the world, that your fortune was made. You imagined that "once in grace always in grace." No matter what you did or how you looked he had to love you or be scorned by the world who always loves a lover and hates a recreant husband. You are wrong! Once in grace it is the easiest thing under the sun to fall from it. You have to fight against monotony if your husband is fond of change, against dullness if your husband is smart, against smartness if your husband is dull, against dressing too expensively if he is poor or stingy, against dressing too poorly if he is generous or proud, against being too gay if he is sober, against being too sober if he is gay, against being too domestic if he is social, against being too social if he is domestic, again—but why should I enumerate the phases of life which may keep you apart, the tides which may bear you together?

Think of what you were when you married him and then think of what he is now. He has changed or else, dear love, the wedding was but yesterday. If he is a man worth worrying over he has improved; if you are not a lazy woman or one of poor judgment or fruitless industry you have changed too. Now, my dear madam, taking note of the change, are you proportionately as worthy of being loved now as you were then? Have you advanced with him? Have you grown away from him or has he grown away from you? If he has distanced you whose fault is it? If he has left you behind in intellectual growth can you blame him if he doesn't think you as lovely as he once did? Didn't you have a chance to grow? You had work and babies, true, but you forgot there was something else: I know men have a better chance but you cannot deny that, except in brutal cases, women have some chance and they grow so much more easily if they have industry and an appreciation of the situation. Well, you let him grow away from you and now you want to live in the past. You want him to remember how sweet he once thought you! How he raved over your beauty—now gone—how you loved him to be the brave lion and you the timid lamb.

Things have changed. He does not now find you companionable. Why? Because when he desires to talk to you about politics, literature, public events, business and his ambitions, you always insist upon directing the conversation to household affairs, expenses, dresses, the children, and the petty things of your circle of feminine friends. For a long time he may have stood this without complaint. Then he may have shown signs of discontent, then petulance, a little later may have asked you to drop it, still later asked you if that was all you knew, finally got up and put on his hat and gone out when you began your evening speech. When he first dropped you a hint a little of that sort of thing was enough, that sufficient to keep him posted in domestic affairs was all he wanted, you should have cast about you for more entertaining topics. You might know that no man who was mentally growing would put up with fare so staving to all his faculties as you are offering him. Even if you were both fond of that sort of thing, don't you know that you should not be satisfied with it; that it is your duty to build yourself up mentally, and despise over-the-fence conversations with the neighbor in the next backyard. When you got married you dropped your music—thought you could not afford to buy the new songs, or spare time to learn pretty accompaniments. Perhaps your husband wanted to earn to sing and you could not be bothered helping him to acquire that accomplishment. May be he had a notion of studying some language and desired you as fellow-student, but you had no time. There are a thousand ways in which a woman may become her husband's companion and the one he will prefer of all others, and yet not five women in ten are clever enough or industrious enough or appreciative enough to seize the opportunity of becoming their husband's chum, classmate and companion. This is the whole secret of wedded happiness. A husband and wife are sometimes so made for one another that a cultivation of their companionable instincts is unnecessary. It is seldom. In the majority of instances it is partly at least the woman's fault. Like Martha she is burdened with much serving, and thinks there is nothing better or indeed nothing further than good housekeeping and wifely obedience. As a matter of fact these are but the fundamental principles, while true companionship is the crowning glory of wedded life. If it is lacking at home it will be sought elsewhere. I have known men who were not as faithful to their homes as they might have been for many years who, when their family had grown up and the companionship lacking in the wife was found in sons or daughters, became model fathers though they had not been model husbands. Of course this applies to husbands as well

as wives, because wives very frequently find their husbands uncompanionable. It is not so frequent however. A woman who once loves a man is able to retain her affection and to live upon the memory of the past much better than a man is. Yet the husbands who have wives capable of the highest companionship and do not educate themselves up to the point of enjoying it, are losing the greatest treasure God ever gave to man.

The way to make the present brighter is not by mopping over the past. It is one of the most disagreeable habits on earth, and surely away from this earth nobody ever mopes or whines or makes odious comparisons about how things used to be. Nobody ever does this sort of thing who has the instincts of success, the energy to try to change things which are wrong, the composure, the self-containment to conceal what is disagreeable and to endeavor to conceal the channel of the stream which is now making a desolate swamp of life and to divert it between pleasant banks to turn the mill wheel of prosperity and contentment. Quite groping after something you think you have lost, brooding over things which cannot be awakened to new life, get new friends, be lively, remembering that:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."

Begin now. To change your habit will be as hard as for a drunkard to reform, but recollect that reformation is just as necessary. It will be a hard fight, but it will be worth the effort. If you cannot do it any other way and you have children make them the link between the wife and the home, or the husband and the home. They seldom fail. If your habits are so disagreeable and eternally fixed that you cannot change them, you can at least shape their lives so they may take the place that you might have had, and to a certain extent restore the affection that you have lost.

Fresh Air Fund:
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Toronto bids fair to gain the evil reputation of Belfast as a center of sectarian bloody feuds and disturbances between those of opposing creeds. The effect of the religious bigotry and the bitter persecuting spirit which was quite unnecessarily introduced into the Equal Rights agitation by hot-headed persons and scheming politicians anxious to fan the flames of discord in order to boil their own pot, is being experienced in the street outbreaks of this week. The ruffians who break each others' heads by way of showing the fervor of their attachment to a religion which inculcates peace and goodwill are by no means the most blameworthy. They are merely putting into practice the teachings of the fanatical pulpits and popularity-hunting platform orators who for the last year or two have been vying with each other in the vigor and bitterness of their denunciations of "Rome" and raking up all the scandals—true or false—which have transpired in the history of the church in other lands and times in order to excite animosity against the Catholics of to-day. The men of comparative intelligence and education, who have perverted so far as their influence extended, the Equal Rights movement from its legitimate political object into a crusade against a locally unpopular creed, are the real culprits and are far more worthy of a term in the Central Prison than the ignorant, fanatical dupes who, excited by their teachings, take to stone-throwing and mobbing processions. They may disdain the responsibility as loudly as they please, but nothing is more certain than that the brutal violence of the street mobs is the direct outcome of the inflammatory anti-Catholic sermonizing and platform-ranting which has been so much in vogue lately.

No class of citizen are more interested in the suppression of this form of rowdism than those Equal Righters who wish to keep the movement true to the original intention of its promoters and wish to make it not the instrument of hostility against a creed, but the means of effecting needed political changes. There is no necessary connection between a movement conceived with the noble object of repelling political aggression on the part of an ecclesiastical corporation and a riotous and lawless crusade against men of a different faith in the exercise of their legitimate rights as citizens. But the public cannot make fine discriminations, and when they see men prominent in the Equal Rights movement going out of their way to assail and vilify Catholics on account of their creed or nationality, and note that such teachings are followed by riot and disorder, the result is likely to be a reaction against the whole movement. The average citizen whose quiet is disturbed and whose business is interrupted by faction fighting is likely to regard a Jesuit grant by the Quebec Legislature or undue privileges to the French and Catholic element in educational matters as of considerably less importance than the maintenance of law and order. Should the cause of Equal Rights suffer in public estimation by reason of the rowdism engendered by fanatical appeals to the baser passions of an ignorant class of men on the part of men who ought to know better and probably do, it will not be the first righteous cause which has been ruined by hot-headed extremists who have foisted themselves upon it.

It is to be hoped that the fellow calling himself "Jumbo" Campbell will get his deserts at the hands of the law or at least that his blackguardly performances in the Queen's Park, which are a direct incentive to riot and outrage, will be suppressed. There ought to be no squeamishness on the part of the authorities on the ground of interference with the right of free speech. The freedom of utterance ought to be jealously guarded, and if a point is to be strained either way it should be in the direction of latitude. But by no reasonable construction can the right of free speech be held to include the right to bawl out obscenities within the hearing of a mixed throng of men, women and children. The

"religious" contention is if anything an aggravation of the offence against public decency. The telling of ordinary, secular filthy stories is not half as bad as the outpouring of the sewers of scandal under the thin pretence of sectarian controversy with the sure effect, if not the deliberate design of irritating and provoking the adherents of the creed assailed. The nuisance has become intolerable and ought to be stopped at once.

The defeat of nearly all the money by-laws submitted to the electors on Wednesday indicates a growing restiveness on the part of the ratepayers under the burden of increased taxation. This feeling, which is natural enough considering the unduly rapid increase of the city's debt, was carried too far in regard to the items for improving the water works service and effecting other needed and permanent works. The consequence will be an increase in the current rate of taxation to meet such of these as cannot longer be deferred. As to the \$200,000 grant for the University, its defeat was a foregone conclusion. The spirit in which the University has systematically acted towards the city has engendered a widespread feeling of irritation bordering upon hostility towards the institution. It was felt that in taking advantage of a technical point to drive a Shylock bargain with the corporation the University had exhibited a greedy, grasping disposition, and was not entitled to further favors at the hands of the citizens. It is to be regretted that the opportunity of the University needs was not seized to come to some arrangement with them by which liberal aid would be granted to rebuild on condition of their handing over to the city a portion of the land which they now contemplate selling for building lots. The Council might very well have taken the position that any grants made the University should be in return for equivalent concessions in park land. Had this ground been taken, the by-law would have been on a different footing and would probably have carried. But the public are in no temper just now to give the University any more favors. That the University is an ornament and attraction to Toronto is quite true. But it is also true that the growth of Toronto gives to the University in the shape of "unearned increment" in its real estate a very large income, present and prospective, so that the balance is largely in our favor.

"This is a wicked world," so people say. Now is it? If as bad as it is painted would the C. P. R. be satisfied with the Esplanade? Wouldn't they steal the whole town? Wouldn't the Street Car Franchise Enquiry-Corkscrew-Deligation have included the whole Council with instructions to take \$12,000,000 and never come back? Wouldn't the Mimico boomers ask \$100 a foot and promise 500 factories in 3,000,000 of a population? Wouldn't the Belt Line tunnel the graveyard instead of using the monuments as trestle work? Wouldn't the Mayor proclaim himself perpetual dictator instead of being an untried candidate for everything within sight?

Wouldn't Gee Em Robertson abolish the "hull thing" at the end of his term as having finished its work by having "put him there"? Wouldn't El King Can-nigh-val-Dodo have himself crowned the Jumbo of the June Freshet of Fun and ask for the new City Hall as a private residence? Wouldn't Peter Ryan kill Muldoon and divide his clothes between Fogarty and Cahill, and register him as an Irishman? Wouldn't Sheriff Mowat appoint his father a bailiff and give him a chance to make some extra? Wouldn't Hon. Education Ross freeze out his partners in the school-book monopoly and become a millionaire himself? Wouldn't Rupert O'Mercy Wells ask to be made Minister of Railways instead of C. P. R. Senator?

Wouldn't Capt. James Bejoyful Boustead be simultaneously on seventeen sides of a question at once, instead of on only three? Wouldn't Engineer Jennings ask Van Horne for an increase of salary? Wouldn't Bigger let Sam Blake do all his work? Wouldn't E. A. Macdonald sit up nights to talk about himself? Wouldn't Mercier?—? Wouldn't Sir John?—? In fact, wouldn't we all be worse than we are if this were a really, really, wicked, wicked world?

That was a curious case which was reported to have occurred at Long Branch last Sunday. A party sailing from Oakville to Toronto, driven to seek shelter by stress of weather, put in at Long Branch wharf. Here, according to the account published, they were met by a man who told them they must not land there, ostensibly because it was Sunday, and threatened them with arrest if they did not immediately get out. As it was a case of risking death against risking arrest the party preferred the latter and remained, in spite of the protests of the over-zealous guardian of Sabbath observance, until the weather moderated somewhat. As it was, by leaving this inhospitable shore too soon, they came within an ace of being drowned. One cannot but be surprised at the motives which could induce any man in his sober senses to perpetrate an act of this kind. When it is done upon a religious plea, however, it can be readily understood that it is the action of a man so wrapped up in the observance of the forms of a creed as to be totally oblivious to the great first principle of Christianity. Supposing that party had put out into the lake again as ordered and had been drowned in consequence, I wonder if this Levite would be able to lay the flattery upon his soul that he had done his duty and would receive his reward for assisting in bringing merited judgment on the heads of sinners. Such ideas belong rather to the days of the stake and the rack than to the present.

Information on Tap
"Mr. Jones, who was Piarch?"
"He was the god of the infernal regions. He wrote poetry, and was celebrated for his attractions to Laura."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Social and Personal.

A pretty little wedding took place at St. Thomas' church at 8 a.m. on Wednesday morning, Rev. J. C. Roper, rector, officiating. The contracting parties were R. Perceval Rutherford, youngest son of E. H. Rutherford of Northfield, Toronto, and Elith Arnold, youngest daughter of John M. McFarlane. The bridegroom was Miss Enly Yorston, a cousin of the bride's and daughter of John C. Yorston the wealthy publisher of Cincinnati, Dr. Gowan Ferguson of Sherburne street officiating for the groom. The bride and bridegroom wore handsome traveling costumes and it is needless to say looked charming. The happy couple left at 9:30 for Montreal, Old Orchard Beach and Boston, amidst a storm of rice and good wishes.

An ingenious Englishwoman, Mrs. Constance Amelia Hawthorne of Brabourne Hall, Wirksworth, is ambitious to emulate the fame of Miss Macnaughton, who is credited with having introduced croquet into good society in England at a lawn party given by Lord Lansdale in 1852. This lady has invented a new game called The Colors, which was tried with great success in Inner Temple Gardens. The game is said to derive something from croquet, something from the dignified graces dear to the *grande dame* of the last century and a good deal from the clever wits of the inventor.

Mrs. John Worthington of Queen's Park and her daughters, Mrs. Woodward and Mrs. Keighley, and their families are spending the summer at Aurora Point, Muskoka.

Miss Warden of St. Vincent street is the guest of Mrs. Worthington at Aurora Point.

The death of Mr. Walter Gibson Cassels last week removed a prominent figure from the financial circles of the city. Mr. Cassels was married in 1852, at St. George's church, to Adelaide Victoria, youngest daughter of Larratt Smith of Southampton, England, and sister of Larratt Smith, LL.D., of Toronto. The surviving members of the family are the deceased's three sons, five daughters and one brother, Mr. Richard S. Cassels. Of the sons, Mr. Larratt Cassels is in the Dominion Bank, Mr. Cyril Cassels in the Bank of Montreal and Mr. Duncan Cassels in the Bank of Hamilton. The daughters are unmarried, with the exception of the eldest, who is the wife of Mr. Walter Darling, inspector of the Dominion Bank.

Mrs. George Evans and family of Grange avenue, Toronto, are spending a few weeks at Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Miss Church of Essex Centre, who has been holidaying in Western New York, spent a week among friends in the city before visiting relatives in Peel County.

The social sensation of the week in Hamilton has been a bouncing baby show.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. P. Genereux with Master Garnet of Spadina avenue, after a two weeks sojourn at Alexandria Bay, left the city Tuesday morning for Beaumaris, Muskoka, where they purpose spending the balance of the heated term.

Mrs. Thomas Alison and daughter left last week for White Mountains and Old Orchard Beach; they will not return until October.

Mr. J. A. Culverwell, Jr., read the service at the Church of England mission at Fairbank last Sunday morning. Mr. Creswick, the Trinity student in charge, being absent on his vacation.

Among the guests who are spending the summer at Prospect House, Port Sandfield, are Mr. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. J. S. Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Prof. Mrs. and Miss Hirschfeld, Mrs. Goodeve, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAndrew, Major Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McWilliams, Miss McDonell, Mr. J. H. Ince, Mr. J. T. Thompson, Mr. J. R. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McLean, Mr. Bilett, Mr. F. McPhillips, Mr. J. Stanley, Mr. J. Mont, Lowndes of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. and Miss Osborn of Hamilton.

The Saturday evening hops at Lorne Park continue to be appreciated by the cottagers, hotel guests, campers and visitors who enjoy that form of amusement. Among the visitors who were invited to participate last Saturday evening were Mrs. and the Misses Downs, Mr. Cecil Downs, Mr. and the Misses Stewart, and Mr. Oldwright, who are camping a short distance west of the park on the lake shore. Also the following party who drove up from Long Branch: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Somerville, Mrs. George McDonald and family, Mrs. Carveth, Dr. and Mrs. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bertram and family, Mr. Fenton, Miss Hallworth, Mr. and Mrs. George A. MacAgy, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Blythe, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Geddes and family and guests, Mr. Alfred H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. George Stanway, Mr. and Mrs. Riches, Miss Hatch, Mr. Hall and Mr. Irwin.

Mr. J. Tytler of Murdoch & Tytler returned to the city on Wednesday, after a month's stay in Muskoka.

Mr. Will White of Hamilton, returned home Wednesday, after a short holiday at Ilfracombe, Muskoka.

Mrs. and the Misses Milne, Miss Gellatley, Mrs. J. Tytler and Mrs. Will White of Hamilton are summering at Holcombe Cottage, Ilfracombe, Muskoka.

Mr. John Beaty and Miss Cassie Beaty of Parkdale left last Friday for a month's sojourn (Continued on page Eleven.)

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playner, one of the most skillful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—Editorial in the "Trader."

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

"Now shall these gloves
and such hand
look?"
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Hand-made, Perfect fitting Gloves, in all the new grey tints.
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Is now showing a new and choice assortment of Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces, Veilings, etc.

Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

PROF. DAVIS

Boudoir Gossip.

The real boudoir gossip of this weather is a series of half-meant maledictions on the heat and requests for the best way of making cooling drinks and keeping men good natured or cold meats, but that kind of gossip, while certainly relieving to the over-charged feelings and necessary for culinary triumphs, is not the best kind to use exclusively, and so shall we chatter about a few things outside?

I witnessed yesterday a most amusing incident, which made one think of bacon, so well-mixed were the alternate strips of downright ludicrousness and severe embarrassment. A woman boarded a car, after some time spent in talking to the driver with the point of a parasol, and after jolting along for a little while she found her purse and began to search for car fare. She looked at first calmly, then anxiously, then frantically. With a last hope look on her face she turned out a multitudinous array of papers and the dear little scrapes of everything which we women hoard up in our purses, but the most thorough examination failed to reveal any money or car tickets. She looked up with a murmured phrase on her lips, colored away back through the thin hair on her temples, pulled the bell, and after a moment's apologetic conversation with the driver, hurried out of the car. Wasn't it dreadful, oh my sisters? I wonder if she did not at least forty times in those two minutes, wish she had the nickel she spent for a big pear that morning, or that she had missed the horrid car and all the rest of them. Poor little red-faced woman, I pitied her, and yet, dear me, money is always melting away, and one may be pardoned if one has forgotten the exact state of the want thermometer for the few days preceding. An empty purse is a nuisance, and if one can only arrange to carry a nice little bill snugly tucked away for emergencies, the feeling of relief and comfort will more than overbalance any little economies incident to its gathering together.

It would seem as if all the parasols which have been clumsily sat upon and broken, would cry out in heeded warning to the careless ones of to-day. But it is not so. Women will lay their sunshades on the seat behind them, in car and carriage, and they will have them broken just so long as they persist in putting them out of their hands. One parasol lesson insured the lives of all succeeding ones for me. A very fat man sat down on it very hard, on a steamboat, and when I reached Toronto and was trotting up Yonge street, I opened my parasol, put the sun in' eclipse as far as my head was concerned, and a moment after found that I was holding the stick, with the useful part of my little sunshade lying in the dust. Moral: Don't put your parasols where any one can sit on them.

I had a nice little letter from a nice little woman the other day, in which she bemoaned her sensitiveness. Of course it is well known that over-sensitive people are miserable; but did it ever occur to my easily-wounded friends that the naughty little plant pride is to blame for a good deal of the pain which a too-finely organized mental temperament causes. Do not accuse vanity, or the desire to be well thought and spoken of, for all the wounded feelings. Sometimes it is the kind little heart that is hurt. In our blundering fashion we often heedlessly and thoughtlessly say and do things which some one misconstrues, and a sharp look or a coldly-worded sentence seems to prick out much of the sunshine from our hearts. We are not then wounded through vanity, but because some one misjudged us, and we want not their admiration, but their kind friendship. We "would not hurt them for the world," we think in exaggerated phrase, while we sigh a little, patch a truce and go on—just the same? No—more carefully.

Honestly I think I dislike a crowd as heartily as one could who did not entertain a blood-thirsty regard for them. I sometimes, however, do get caught in one, and it is rather amusing to study human nature when it is on the point of doing all sorts of desperate and uncomfortable things—to plant its foot one-sixteenth of an inch nearer the gang-way of a boat. There was a big man in front of me who exclaimed at intervals in loud-voiced disapproval: "This is very badly managed!" He was not half as annoying though as the careless individual who elbowed his way off the boat, and exclaimed in discouraging tones: "No use pushing—you can't get on till we all get off." Whom did he mean? Is there ever any person who "pushes" in a crowd? I never could find him. They all disclaim everything of the sort, with a decided inflection which leaves one very uncomfortable to think that such a very erroneous idea could possibly have entered one's mind. I found it so on this particular afternoon, for when I politely informed a man near me that his valise was crowding me to a very uncomfortable degree, he very suavely assured me "he wasn't pushing, and couldn't in the least help it." Perhaps I am very vindictive, but I did want space enough to crowd my elbows out in that man's direction. By the way, did it ever strike you that a man always "paws" in a crowd and a woman "elbows"?

Going out Queen street in a car quite recently, I took notice of the awkward way in which a whole carful of people descended to the ground. The recognized fashion is to face the front and step off with a forward inclination of foot and figure, while the inside hand steadies the body by a firm grasp of the rail.

In such a position a jolt or sudden start can do no harm, and a woman can do these things as well as a man, if she only chooses to try. A rather pleasant-faced girl whose tightly curled hair and dark cast of complexion beamed Africcap descent, made the most graceful exit. The almost-emptied car was going rather slowly when she suddenly disappeared, with such little bending of her well-formed figure that all eyes were turned admiringly towards her. Very quickly too, it was done. One moment she was in the car, in a few more she was walking down the side street, erect, yet with a most unassuming dignity.

On one of the lake boats the other day, I was much interested in a couple who seemed

very much to each other, though they were neither young nor lately wedded. He was all attention to his wife, and the points of interest, the coming thunder shower's threatening and the grand display of cloud and glare, were all shared with her in a tender and simple fashion.

The married love which shows itself in these little things when hair is gray and shoulders droop, must have been the genuine article so often jocularly referred to as "all wool and a yard wide."

How general the love for flowers is! I do not mean the love that leans toward grand display, but the tender heart-feeling that cherishes the dainty blooms, and weaves from their shy faces or faint perfume a story which lies perhaps in the half-forgotten past.

Our tastes change, I think, as we grow older. The little ones are not careful in their choice, and baby eyes look just as lovingly on the dandelion or the mayweed as on the moss-cupped rose.

Later the gowing girl finds the tramp cusing darlings of the wood or marsh far more beautiful than those culled in commonplace fashion from door yard shrub or petted plant.

The poetic posies suit best the taste of the maiden for whom life is broadening, and with tender eyes she gazes into the depths of the violet bell or lays away between the pages of some heavy book a cluster of heliotrope or a wise-faced pansy.

Then there are the bridal blooms—the dear half-opened buds, and blowing sweet-breathed blossoms that crown the trusting woman who says "I will," to the solemn question which marries hearts and lives.

Around our dead too we lay flowers—and my heart reaches out to those who follow the dear custom. Not in wired clusters, not in fanciful designs or tortured wreaths, but in the majesty and beauty of their natural state, free to shed their perfume and drop their pretty heads if they will, I like to see them laid about those who have gone from us. They are like human life, out of correspondence with their environment, they fade and are gone as we will fade and die and their only existence is in our memories.

CLIP CAREW.

The Scarecrow.

It was a regular scarecrow man, made on the old and well-known plan—A cross of sticks in a garb of torn, That stood on guard in that field of corn. And, indeed, it made the old farmer smile As he went up, and whistled the while; And the old crow chuckled and then looked wise, Shook in his feathers and winked his eyes; Some one tickled him, but he had a job. His voice didn't show it, but when he spoke, That it tickled his fancy to think how those Would catch a glimpse and flutter away. He said: "What is it? Ah! don't you know?

Well, two black crows sat off on a tree, And the young crow said to the old one, "See! Now, what is that bright thing out there? It's enough any honest crow to scare!" But the old crow chuckled and then looked wise, Shook in his feathers and winked his eyes; Some one tickled him, but he had a job. His voice didn't show it, but when he spoke, That it tickled his fancy to think how those Would catch a glimpse and flutter away. He said: "What is it? Ah! don't you know?

"Why, that, as we wise ones all suppose, Is the special patron saint of the crows! We watch for his coming every year! Tell when the feast of the corn is here. See how he stands with his arms stretched out! He is calling the crows from all about! Such a kind invitation is most alluring—Such a kindly invitation is most alluring— I think we had better accept—don't you?" And down to the field of corn they flew.

Camping—Canada's National Summer Outing.

In the Springfield Republican Adirondack Murray rhapsodizes as follows on the pleasures of camp life:

"There is no other word in the vocabulary of our language so suggestive of rare and pleasant conditions of living as camping. It is more than a mere word; it is a symbol as well. It stands for a class of experiences so fresh, so healthful, that it is beloved by imagination and memory alike. It is so truly a mirror to many of us that in it, as in a glass, we see trees, the shores of lovely lakes, the banks of quietly flowing rivers, wooded islands around which the waves run caressingly, beaches of gleaming sand, and ranges of lofty mountains. In it, also, are cabins of bark, camp fires that crackle and blaze and flare red lights high up amid swaying branches and widely out in a great circle through the dark forest. And in the word are faces and forms that have been companions with us in our forest wanderings, some of whom are with us to this day, and other ones that are not now with us, nor will they ever be again on this earth, and, alas! we know not where they are.

"Not only is it a word for the eye, but it is equally a word for the ear. For in it are the sighing of zephyrs, the soft intoning of slow-moving night winds, the roaring of strong gales, the moaning of tempests, and the sobbing of storms amid the wet trees. The loon's call, the splash of leaping fish, the panther's cry, the pitiful summons of the lost hound, the slashing of deer wading among the lily pads, and the soft dripping of odorous gums falling gently on the pine stems, listening to which in silence and sweet content we, who were lying under the fragrant trees, like happy and weary children, have fallen gently asleep—all these sounds live in the word as music lives forever in the air of heaven, being a part of it.

"And in it, too, are human voices, songs, laughter and all the happy noises of merriment and frolic. No other phonograph is like to it. The happy hunter's proud hurrah over the captured game; the songs around the camp fire under the stars in the hush of evening; the

stranger's hall; the guide's strong call to breakfast, a heavenly sound—the flute's soft note across the water on a still night; the cheer on reaching camp, and the murmured farewells at leaving; verily, it is a vocal word, and all the sounds that come from it are melody.

"Dear word, sweet word, keep vocal to my ears until they cease to hear, and mirror to my eyes until they see no more the fair, the sweet, and the honest faces that out of the dear old camp, that we have builded in so many parts for so many years, now look forth upon me as out of many heavens. For if there be a better heaven than a well-placed camp with a wisely-arranged company of honest and cheerful folk, I know not how to find it in my imagination nor what passage of Revelation that tells of it.

"To all that camp on shores of lakes, on breezy points, on banks of rivers, by sandy beaches on slopes of mountains, and under green trees everywhere I, an old campers' old lover, an aboriginal venerated with civilization, send greeting. I thank God for the multitude of you; for the strength and beauty of you, for the healthiness of your tastes and the naturalness of your natures. I eat and drink with you; I hunt and fish with you; I boat and bathe with you; and with you by day and night enjoy the gifts of the good world. Kneeling on the deck of my yacht, stooping far over and reaching low down to fill to the brim the old camping cup that, longer than the lives of some of you, has never failed my lips, and holding it high in the bright sunlight, I swing it to the circle of the horizon, and standing bareheaded, with the strong wind in my face, I drink to your health, oh, campers, whoever and wherever ye be. Here's health to you all and long life on the earth and something very like camp-life ever after."

A Case of Unearned Increment.



Tiger—I'm little



But, oh my!—Munsey's Weekly.

THE "PARISIAN PLAITING"

Or IMPROVED ACCORDION PLAITING. We are preparing plaiting in the new "Parisian Plaiting" and length up to 48 inches. Price, 40c. per plain yard. Children's Skirts and Capes, 25c.

MISS STACKHOUSE, 427 Yonge St., Toronto.

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TEABERRY. PRICE 25c. ZEPPELIA CHEMICAL CO., TORONTO.

DRESS CUTTING

The New Tailor System (Late Pr. Moody's) stands

First and Best, is taught thoroughly here or through the mail. Satisfaction assured.

LARGE INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS.

DRESSMAKING

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Cooling out well assorted stock. Stylish work at greatly reduced prices.

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THE ONE PRICE JEWELERS

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His First Sight of a Cigarette.

Have first place in the Clock line this season.

We have a nice assortment, including the pattern that took first prize at the recent Paris Exhibition.

For Newest Patterns and Closest Prices

TRY

EVANS & SONS (Ltd.)

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His First Sight of a Cigarette.

SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

"For six nights only!"

The flaming posters arrested Mary McNeill's attention wherever she went. That brief heading meant so much to her, though she tried hard to persuade herself that, if the Red Star troupe remained there for six nights or sixty, it would make no difference to her.

For five nights longer she might be able to picture exactly Bernard's doings and surroundings; for five nights longer she might fall asleep with the blissful consciousness that the same town sheltered them both; for five mornings she might awake knowing that they were nearer each other than they had been for the past two years; during the next five days the smallest chance incident might suffice to bring them together face to face. She suppressed all these reflections however by the resolve that never again would she run the risk of any more *tete a tete*, nor again could she leave the safe anchorage of little Mildred's invalid-chair.

The child wondered at the additional brightness in her sister's manner—a brightness that to more experienced eyes would have seemed akin to feverishness. And all the while a tender little heart was being made very sore on Mary McNeill's account.

Bernard went back to Nellie Travers a changed man. Perhaps she had never appeared to such disadvantage as when he met her at luncheon that day; he would have noticed her somewhat untidy appearance even if he had not just been charmed by Mary McNeill's neatness of dress and delicate refinement of manner. He felt rather dissatisfied with his surroundings, and was far from being in an amiable mood.

"If this is what he calls 'being engaged,' I'd much rather not be so," thought Nellie, ruefully, wondering why he was so silent, and why, for the first time, he missed noticing all that she wanted during luncheon.

Poor little girl—she had worked very hard that morning, and felt badly in need of some diversion! Her study had, in fact, been so protracted that she had omitted her usual mid-day mysterious ceremony known as "changing her dress."

"Won't you take me for a stroll this afternoon?" she said, wistfully, in an aside, for in common with three or four of the company, were lunching together at a restaurant in town.

Nothing was farther from his wishes; but Bernard was a gentleman and quite equal to the occasion.

"Yes, my dear child, of course—as soon as we can get away from this crew," he replied, with an expression of undisguised contempt for the society they were in.

On this day he could not gaze unmoved at Mrs. Strange, "the leading lady," a good-natured, middle-aged woman, just now engaged in eating cream-cheese; a decanter of sherry had a dangerous tendency to anchor near her elbow, and the ending of the feast threatened to be far more hilarious than the beginning. The two men who made up the rest of the party showed signs of producing their cigar-cases. Nellie leaned back in her chair with a faint sense that something had gone wrong; something was out of gear in her familiar world, and her eyes said plainly under their long lashes, "Take me away!" Bernard made some excuse to the others, who winked significantly as soon as the two left the table together.

"That's a gone case if ever there was one!" remarked Mrs. Strange, holding out her glass to be replenished in order to drink the lovers health.

"It will be the making of Thorne if it comes off to-night," observed one of the men, who had watched Bernard rather closely since he had joined the company; "it will induce him to settle down, and that's what he wants. It doesn't do for one of our profession to belong to two worlds."

So Bernard himself thought during the long afternoon that followed. He did his best to think of Nellie and her interests only, but was painfully conscious that his efforts were a dead failure. The girl, with her keen powers of perception, could not fail to notice it. She at last gave up trying to make him talk and laugh, and relapsed into a puzzled silence, which he was far from resenting, being too absorbed by his own thoughts.

It was quite a relief to them both when they set their faces homewards. They were close by Nellie's door when a carriage passed them containing two ladies. Bernard raised his hat instantly, all his abstraction gone, and the carriage rolled swiftly by—but not before Nellie had caught a glimpse of the occupants and seen the wonderful lighting up of her companion's face.

"That girl again!" she said involuntarily. "You see you did tell me an untruth last night, though I was simpleton enough to think afterwards that my suspicions were unfounded."

She shrank away from him before he could even think of a word of explanation, and went inside the little house, slamming the door behind her. Bernard had no choice left but to go away, feeling that he was much to be pitied.

He happened to pass a florist's a few minutes later, and the flowers and hot-house fruit grouped together in showy profusion brought back a half-forgotten memory to his mind. Little Mildred's pinched mouth and prominent brow and eyes came before him. Why should he, her cousin, be debarred from offering her a few of the trifles that while away the tedium of an invalid's leisure?

Finding no satisfactory answer to that question, he went inside the tastefully arranged shop, and got rid of his not too abundant change in purchasing a little basket of roses, peaches nestled amongst fair tea-roses and purple and white clematis. Having gone thus far, it occurred to him that he would hardly run any risk of additional blame if he were to leave it at the Hawthorne himself; so, after obtaining a little information as to the exact position of the Queen's Road, he took his way thither, intending of course only to give the basket into the servant's hands.

Fate was kinder to him however than he deserved. A middle-aged, staid-looking woman opened the door, and he recognized in her at once a staunch friend of his own in old times.

"Mr. Bernard! Then it's true what I heard Miss Milly say when she came in this morning; but I didn't like to ask her before Miss Mary," she exclaimed, forgetting in her joy all her usual discretion.

"Yes, it's all right, nurse—I'm here," replied Bernard, shaking her warmly by the hand. "Will you give these to Miss Milly, with my love?"

"But you're coming in, sir! Don't go away! I will see Miss Milly, sir, to hear you say that you will come no farther than the door!"

Bernard hesitated, and in that moment of irresolution was lost. A door close by opened and Milly herself appeared, a cloud of some soft white material enveloping her head and shoulders.

"It is my cousin, Bernard's voice!" she said. In her quaint childlike way. "Please come in—I am quite alone."

"Miss Milly, keep out of the draught!" shrieked the nurse, pushing the girl back into the room which she had just quitted.

Bernard followed submissively, feeling that he might as well get all the enjoyment he could out of the visit now that he had gone so far.

A fit of coughing checked Milly's conversational powers for two or three minutes, while the nurse tucked her up on her sofa beside a smouldering fire which was mocked by the sunshine outside. Bernard was shocked at the sound of the hard, persistent cough, and at the exhaustion that followed; but the child herself took it all as a matter of course, and dismissed her attendant as soon as possible.

"Now tell me all I wanted to hear this morn-

ing," she demanded, "and how it is you come to be staying here. Mary said she had not time to ask you much about yourself."

"Where has Mary gone now?" asked Bernard, wondering how much he might tell her without incurring the elder sister's wrath.

"She has just come in from a drive with Mrs. Randolph, but went out again to that woolshop at the corner. I had not enough wool to finish a cross-over I am making for old Batty at the lodge. Do you remember how we used to go in and talk to her, and how she said you were the torment of her life? She is always asking about you, and wondering when she will see you again."

"Yes, I remember perfectly. And you are saying—Is that the right word—a cross-over for her? Lucky Batty! Where is it? Let me see this new accomplishment!"

They were bending over the scarlet-and-gray shawl, the rapid progress of which was a source of great pride to Milly, when they heard the house door open and shut quickly, and then, with the swift graceful movement Bernard recollected so well, Mary McNeill entered the room.

She started back in amazement on seeing its occupants, but recovered her composure in a very short space of time. Bernard rose, meeting the wonder in her eyes with a look which she could not resist.

"I believe I am taking an unpardonable liberty," he said; "but I could not refuse the pressing invitation that was given to me. Convalescents must always have their own way, and Miss Mildred must plead my excuse for me."

"Look, Mary—isn't he good? Do you see these lovely peaches? I have been longing for one all day; and I knew vexed you would be if he had gone without coming in and waiting for you."

"Would you have been vexed?" asked Bernard daringly.

A crimson flush tinted Mary's face as she extended the hand of greeting which she had kept back till now. There was a long clasp, a lingering of the fingers before they parted, and with the other coldly, as though each other began to disappear. Mary put her conscientious wavering aside for the time, rang for tea, and busied herself in arranging Bernard's flowers. The sunshine was fading now, and the fire flickered up, lighting the dark corners of the room.

Bernard looked about him with some satisfaction as the little table was wheeled up to Mildred's sofa, and the daintily colored tea-service set forth. It was months since he had been in such a room as this, littered with the decorative knick-knacks by which women love to be surrounded. He had forgotten all the ups and downs of his professional life—forgotten that at any moment he might be at the bottom of the ladder, penniless, nameless, having to set his foot on the lowest rung once more—forgotten—most unfortunate forgetfulness of all—that Nellie Travers, not Mary McNeill, was his affianced wife.

Bernard it was just as natural on this day as it had been two years before to sit in a prettily-appointed room doing his best to amuse these two young cousins, and succeeding remarkably well in the attempt. The Irish blood that ran in their veins stood them all in good stead on this afternoon. Milly forgot her troublesome nights and feverish mornings; Mary forgot her father's express command that never again was she to hold communication with Bernard either by letter or speech, since he had disgraced himself and his family by taking to "play-acting."

It was such an hour as seldom falls to the lot of poor tolling human beings. The cup of joy was at their lips and then drained to the very last drop, without worrying themselves as to whether it might or might not pass them by again. The present was all-sufficient—as long as it lasted.

Amidst their talk and laughter they presently heard the sound of a church-bell tinkling, and at the same moment Bernard took out his watch and held it to the firelight.

"I must be off—the time has flown!" he exclaimed regretfully, rising to his feet.

"And that is Mary's church-bell," Milly interposed. "She goes to evensong as regularly as any sister of mercy."

"I don't quite know if I am going to-night," Mary answered, looking rather embarrassed.

"Oh, nonsense—that is all a subterfuge! She thinks I shall be dull after our gay time together. That is just like her—isn't it, Bernard? I shall be quite happy till you come back, and will surely keep me company if I feel lonely. Do go, Mary!"

"Yes—do come, Mary!" pleaded Bernard.

Miss McNeill tied on her veil, found her prayer-book, and they left the house together, their hearts beating with strange exultant joy. Prudence, reason, conscience—all should steady a moment her overstrung nerves.

"What ails all alone? Won't you let me come with you—at least, as far as the door?" inquired Bernard, trying not to appear too anxious.

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Mary Ravenel.

"Hop-picking!" said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket and fed it leisurely to the beautiful white horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is rather a romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of rustic scenery! But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop-fields. Just sunshine, and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up in it—but excuse me—I can't see what there is especially worthy of an artist's pencil!"

Mr. Raymond smiled. "You can see those long perspectives of green alleys, and hear with the figures running in and out? And the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and the two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water-cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of *genre* here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his mill-boards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel, and began diligently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him, the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure-seekers who disported themselves airyly along the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell, "if you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country, in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think that every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events, it's profitable. In hop-season, there isn't a cottage, a farmhouse, garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprin'k'le of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at night. You can see them from here. You are staying in the part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you up at the house, if you will think to bring along our guest to-night."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful, satin-skinned white horse following, like a docile kitten, at his heels.

"Hugh," he said, to a servant who had just come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of hot coffee and two or three of these white rolls, with my compliments, to that gentleman in the linen coat who is sketching under the trees. And Hugh!"

"Sir!"

"Did you carry the sardine-sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take 'em, Mr. Daniel," said he. "She was all for calling me back. But I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled. "That's right," said he. "And don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Dunstable. He grows feebler and feebler every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black cheese-rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the Great House, shrewdly noting all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around, under the shadow of the vines, in the *dolce fariente* of the noon intermission, finally came into the great, cool room, where the scent of cheese-making filled the air, and the yellow curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty, but contented; a claret and cold chicken were on the table; forced hot-house peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of devilled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate cutlets, breaded and fried in egg, were brought in, smoking hot. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down; sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place? She could be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it, father," said the squire's son. "But what would you say, sir, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

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"A poor girl, Daniel!"

"But a good girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-opened rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I believe I have lost my heart to one of our hop-pickers."

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"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir; I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt or some elderly relative—a pale and fragile-looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And—I love her!"

The old squire nodded his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whenever you choose to bring her here will be as we come at flowers in May."

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"Miss Ravenel!" he cried, in amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. You are astonished to see me here. But the doctors declared that hop picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hot-house grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is—"Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in his questing all these delightful things, although I tell him, over and over, that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dressmaker, or something of the kind," with a blush and a smile. "But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please, what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow-shaded curve of the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit, when her day's work was done.

"I have brought you some of the rare orchids from the conservatory," said he. "You told me, the other day, that you liked flowers."

"I am so much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you—that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, are you surprised at this? Have you not seen me grow out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and—"

"You really love me!" she cried, with wide-open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop-picker?"

"You, my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes, "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And I think I do, now, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling!" he murmured.

"But wait, you have not heard what I am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel, from Philadelphia."

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's orders, not because I need the daily wages of a hop-picker. But you

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Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the Philadelphia beauty, the great heiress!

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"That's where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But the hop picking has done me a deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because—

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durell found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hop-poles.

The Dinklemans.

"It makes me tired, fodder, to hear de old woman all day singing," remarked Jakey with a groan.

"Ah, mine son," remarked Dinkleman, "music is love. I like to hear your mudder sing."

That was all that was said about music at the time, but Jakey still thought of it. "Music is love."

Rosey, Jakey's sweetheart, was spending a week at Bay Beach. Rosey was rich and he wanted to marry her, but one of the things he found it impossible to do was to make love.

"Fodder," he said, "I am going to Bay Beach to see Rosey. I think I know me now how to love make, and Rosey is rich—"

"Good boy. Go in and win," advised the old fellow gleefully.

Two days after Jakey came back. He sneaked into the house by the side entrance and crawled up to his room, unobserved and shut the door after him. After a while his father discovered he was home.

"Shakey, vy you come back so quiet?" he asked.

"I am von fool!" ejaculated Jakey.

"Mine Gott, who been telling you?"

"I was by Bay Beach—"

"Yes. Vat else?"

"I find out vere Rosey is. She speak to me not. She got some money, so she don't know me. I know not how to love make. You voice tell me music is love. But I can play no music. So I hires me a second-hand organ, which plays somedings sentimental, and I go back by hotel dot night I play me dot organ. Dot organ man say dot organ play 'With All Your Faults I Love You Still.' I see Rosey look de vinder out, and commerce. Dot music seems like for sentimental. Rosey goes in and comes to vinder again mid a pall of water vapor. I catch it on de head. Den some men come and kick me and break dot organ. Dot cost me \$25. I ask a man vat is dot madder—dot I do? He say dot Rosey was mad because I play her De Girl Mid de Hebrew Nose. Dot settles it. A big gulf stream is between us. Music is not love, and I bed you my life by dot."

"Shakey," said the old fellow, and his voice was husky, "love is played out."

And they sat down there until long after the light had died out and listened to the ticking of the big clock, the ticks of which seemed to say to Jakey: "Music is love: Music is love!"

N. Y. Mercury.

The Old Well-Sweep, from Over the Teacups.

I was driving with a friend the other day, through a somewhat dreary stretch of country, where there seemed to be very little to attract notice or deserve remark. Still, the old spirit infused in "Eyes and No Eyes" was upon me, and I looked for something to fasten my thought upon, and treat as an artist treats a study for a picture. The first object to which my eyes were drawn was an old-fashioned well-sweep. It did not take much imaginative sensitivity to be stirred by the sight of this most useful, most ancient, most picturesque, of domestic conveniences. I know something of the *shadoof* of Egypt—the same arrangement by which the sacred waters of the Nile have been lifted from the days of the Pharaohs to those of the Kedives. That long, foreigner pointing to Heaven was the symbol which referred to the Puritan exile as it spoke of old to the enslaved Isrealite. Was there ever any such water as that which we used to draw from the deep, cold well, in "the old oaken bucket?"

What memories gather about the well in all ages! What love-matches have been made at its margin, from the time of Jacob and Rachel downward! What fairy legends hover over it, what fearful mysteries has it hidden! The beautiful well-sweep! It is too rarely that we see it, and as it dies out and gives place to the odiously convenient pump, with the last patent on its cast-iron uninstructingness does it not seem as if the farmyard had lost half its attraction? So long as the dairy farm exists, doubtless there must be every facility for getting water in abundance; but the loss of the well-sweep cannot be made up to us if our milk were diluted to twice its present attenuation.—*Atlantic*.

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And then Durell, going up to the Great House, shrewdly noting all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around, under the shadow of the vines, in the *dolce fariente* of the noon intermission, finally came into the great, cool room, where the scent of cheese-making filled the air, and the yellow curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Music.

Some of the musical people are being seen about town, bronzed and full of fish stories. Speaking of fish, I believe all musical men are ardent fishermen, a rather curious matter. All who have been away and have returned, have been fishing, and all, with one exception, have had great luck catching prodigious bassets, both as to numbers and size, being better artists with the rod, or else possessing more variegated imaginations than their non-musical brethren. The exception I refer to was a little man who was away four weeks and fished and fished and changed his territory without ceasing, from early morn to dewy eve, and says he caught—nothing!

What think you? was he in sooth a poorer and less lucky fisher than his brethren, or was he a more brilliant—hum—well, novelist? I don't think the dear little man would willingly exaggerate his ill-luck, and I really believe that he just mourned and moaned and dozed those four weeks away by brook and lake, and—thought he was fishing.

The fish stories told by these returned minstrels, spiced as they are by reminiscences of the jug and bottle department and glowing descriptions of scenery, are particularly maddening to those of us who are still at the treadmill. The hard workers who stayed in town during July to keep the summer terms going have gradually trickled away, and another two or three days will see every one out of town but the returned pilgrims, and we that go late will have the advantage over the early ones in this respect, that we have heard their yarns and can go them one better when we take up the story-telling chair.

From all of which it will be seen that musical news of local interest is quite scarce. Still various items of gossip are slopping about and are gradually assuming shape. I find that next season will be quite an orchestral one. The Torrington Orchestra is being re-organized and strengthened in its artistic resources and may give more frequent concerts than in former seasons. This, of course, is what we might expect from its energetic conductor when he finds his field invaded. The other and newer body—the Toronto Symphony Orchestra is hard at work with its subscription list, and has already done some excellent re-hearsals, so that even from our local resources there will be a very fair amount of orchestral music in Toronto. Then Strauss and his wonderful orchestra will be with us in September, and in November Carl Zerrahn will give three concerts with his orchestra of forty musicians, and a string of soloists headed by Mme. Lena De Vine, fresh from Parisian triumphs, Mme. Ida Bond-Young, and Miss Annie Beere from New York, as well as Dr. Carl Martin and Miss Adele Ausder Obe, quite a formidable array. This ought to be a good series, as Mr. Zerrahn is the genial gentleman who conducted the orchestra at the Ennus Juch concert a year ago. To add to these fine prospects, I was asked this week by a gentleman whether I thought that a couple of concerts by Theodore Thomas would pay, as he thought of securing them.

The Choral Society has decided upon its plans for next season. At least one concert will be given, and all that careful preparation and rehearsal can do will be expended upon its entertainments. For the first concert the works chosen are Brahms' Song of Destiny, Richard Hoffman's Schone Melusine and Eaton Faning's Song of the Vikings, all with orchestral accompaniment. I am told that so far from the Choral Society losing any of its strength by the drafts upon singers resulting from the recruiting for the two vocal societies, it will next season be stronger in singing forces than ever and it will endeavor to maintain its position—not at the tail of the hunt.

In the meantime, there seems to be some little uncertainty after all, as to which works the Philharmonic Society will take up for its first concert. Some of its officers are in favor of singing Mackenzie's Cotter's Saturday Night and McCunn's Lady of the Lake as I announced two weeks ago, but a strong push is being made to secure another performance of the Elijah. Such a repetition would undoubtedly bring back a lot of the old members, people who would not for worlds miss a chance of singing that music. A few days will settle the matter however, and here, too, we may expect a vigorously conducted campaign.

The Haslam Vocal Society has been organized for the ensuing season and the following officers elected: Patron, Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, K.C.M.G., A.D.C. to Her Majesty the Queen; Hon. President, Mr. George A. Cox, President, Mr. D. M. Cameron; Vice-President, Mr. James Martin; Secretary, Mr. William C. Fox; Assistant Secretary, Mr. C. P. Whelan; Treasurer, Mr. Harry English; Committee, Mr. A. H. Greene, Mr. D. F. McCloskey, Mr. C. E. Clarke, Mrs. Walsh, Miss Barr, Mrs. J. B. Hall; Musical Director and Conductor. Mr. W. Elliott Haslam.

The Conservatory is clearing its decks for action next autumn. Mr. Drysdale tells me that several new teachers have been appointed, among them being Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, A. T. C. M., for piano; Miss Eva Roblin, for

voice; and Fraulein Tony Hoffmann for German.

Mr. W. Lewis Hunter has been secured by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer as principal tenor.

On Tuesday evening, August 5, the cottagers of Lorne Park held a social musical, which, by the way, has become a weekly affair at this favorite summer resort. The ladies and gentlemen taking part were Prof. Bohner, Miss Jackson, Mr. (Lord) Walters, Miss Aikenhead, Mr. Rogers, Mr. T. Aikenhead, Mr. Ida, Mr. John Sloan being in the chair. The programme was a thoroughly popular one, and exactly suited to the tastes of the audience. The evening being very warm, many strolled about on the lawn listening to the sweet strains of the music, which was wafted out on the evening air.

From an account of the proceedings of the annual convention of the Music Teachers National Association which was held at Detroit last month (said account being very late in reaching me) I see that Miss Jessie Corlett, formerly of Toronto, was one of the principal soloists at the concerts which formed part of the reunion. Miss Corlett's singing won great praise and she is ably sustaining the reputation of this musical family.

The fine organ built and placed in the Parkdale Methodist church by Lye & Son, at a cost of \$3,400, was opened on Monday evening with an organ recital by several musicians of the city. The performance was highly satisfactory both to the church and the organ builder inasmuch as the ability of the performers and their various styles of grouping the stops fully proved the excellence of the instrument. All who took part acquitted themselves admirably and won the appreciation of the large audience. The choir of the church has considerably improved under the direction of Mr. J. T. Easton and sang with marked expression.

The following programme was performed: a. Gavotte (Roubier), b. chorus (Handel), Mr. Lye; a. offertoire in C minor (Batish), b. Hymn of the Nuns (Wely), Mr. Jones; chorus, Praise Ye the Father, the choir; finale—5th Symphony, Mr. A. Blakely; cavatina—Raff, Mr. A. A. Burns; overture—Poet and Peasant; Mr. Shannon; march—Scotsman-Clarke, Mr. Lye; chorus—The Radiant Morn, the choir; a. march—Silver Trumpets (Rimbault), b. fantasia in F (Scotsman-Clark), Mr. Jones; menuet—Symphonique (Bachmann), Mr. Blakely; offertoire in A—(Batish); Mr. Burns; chorus—Gloria, 12th Mass (Mozart), the choir.

Our genial H. Guest Collins with his wife and family sail for Germany on Tuesday next, and expects to be absent two years. The same day take away from us Mr. Harry M. Field, who also goes to the Fatherland.

MEFRONME.

The Drama.

In this age of realistic stage consideration, says a writer in the *Theater Magazine*, when the scenic effect is weighed even more carefully than the lines that call it forth, it seems strange that the subject of physiognomy in plays never presents itself. Physiognomy has been proven to be no mere fanciful speculation, but a consistent and well-considered system of character reading. Therefore to take a few illustrations from the *World's* artist's dream of realistic stage productions (lately published in the *Theater*), since it becomes necessary to introduce real balloons, real oarsmen and real water, real rain and real icebergs, real bogans and real volcanos, why should not managers try and introduce real men whose face and form bear some affinity to the parts they are playing? Physiognomy, I admit, is not a subject on which even the general mass of people is informed—as far as study goes—though we have all said at some time or other, without perhaps reasoning why, when we have noticed certain people, that we did not like his countenance, or he had a very intelligent face, or a very disagreeable smile. If these remarks are made by those unacquainted in the science of physiognomy, called forth merely by a conflection of temperament, how much more so would it be to those adroit in reading the signs of character through the face. Why should a man—whose physical propensities are so visibly apparent that it is noticeable to those most ignorant of physiognomy—be cast to play a philanthropist; or a man whose face is utterly devoid of thought play the part of a lawyer whose whole life is one of thoughtful calculation? A homely woman is invariably cast to play a pretty girl, even when the lines of the play continually allude to her beauty as her only charm. The beautiful, the benevolent, the honest, the thoughtful, the homely, the bad, are faces that we meet every day coupled with their respective dispositions. Then why, on the stage, they should be so adrift, is something I do not understand. To my mind, the first step in realism would be the casting of parts where sympathy with the lines they recited. It would not take the study of physiognomy to do this, but judgment. It would oftentimes save a confusion of thought, better illustrate the author's idea, and cause a more realistic, if not correct, performance. I think many will agree with me in this.

The San Francisco Argonaut says: "Jim the Penman is a chestnut," and then gives it two columns of criticism. Chestnuts are handy sometimes when copy is scarce.

Charles Wyndham is at odds with the London critics. They called his Young Marlow in She Stoops to Conquer a desecration, and he stopped sending them tickets. Two great London dailies forthwith gave orders that the actor be never again mentioned in their columns, and it looks as if the boycott would extend to the entire English press. Mr. Wyndham made a mistake, not in supposing that newspaper condemnation of his acting could not hurt him, but in forgetting that to an actor newspaper condemnation is a very mild evil compared to being treated as if he were too insignificant to discuss.

The Conservatory is clearing its decks for action next autumn. Mr. Drysdale tells me that several new teachers have been appointed, among them being Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, A. T. C. M., for piano; Miss Eva Roblin, for

voice; and Fraulein Tony Hoffmann for German.

Mr. W. Lewis Hunter has been secured by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer as principal tenor.

It is reported that while the London press almost unanimously recognize Nat Goodwin's ability as a comedian, he is playing to very poor business across the water.

In the Maister of Woodbarrow it is said Mr. E. H. Sothern has a part utterly unlike any character he has yet assumed. This represents a peculiar type of a young Devonshire lad, with elements of uncouthness and yet of high dignity and nobility of character. Mr. Frohman has furnished Mr. Sothern with the best company the young actor has yet had in support.

General Sherman relates an interesting story about Joseph Jefferson. He says: "Joe came to my room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, about three years ago, and we chatted at the window there one summer afternoon. He had with him a light, thin overcoat, which he threw over a chair. After he had gone I found under the chair a roll of paper tied with a piece of red tape—the old red tape that I know so well. I picked it up, inspected it, and then I said, 'This is not mine,' and ran out to catch Joe. I ran to the elevator, shouting, 'Joe, Joe!' I saw him two stairs below, but my voice wouldn't go down, it would only go up, so I had to run down, and I finally overtook him. 'Joe, did you drop this roll of paper?' He turned to me with a look full of joy. 'My God, Sherman, you have saved my life!' 'What do you mean; how have I saved your life?' 'Why,' replied Jefferson, with that familiar twinkle in his eye, 'I am publishing my life, and that is the first chapter.'

There are only a few of us left, says the joker of the *Mirror*, and yet they say that Roland Reed is endeavoring to get fat on mush and milk, while Edwin Arden is trying baked beans at every meal. An inquiry into the tastes of some of our histrions reveals the harrowing facts that:

Sol Smith Russell likes smoked beef; W. J. Scanlan does not enjoy his dinner unless he has fried bananas for dessert;

Dixey revels in rum omelet; Modjeska eats Saratoga potatoes by the pound;

Grace Elkins is a slave to asparagus, with drawn butter;

Ada Rehan takes pepper and salt on her little necks;

Jane Stewart, the new ingenue, has no use for pie without cheese;

While dainty Della Fox cherishes a guilty passion for Lyonnaise potatoes.

Lawrence Barrett has entirely recovered from the distressing malady which threatened to rob the American stage of one of its ornaments. He will act again, it is said, next season.

Here is a deserving tribute to a bright comedienne at once pretty, sincere and touching:

DEAR ROSINA VOKES.—You have heard what I am going to say too often for novelty, but it is more for my own satisfaction that I want to say it than in any hope of pleasing you, though I would like to do that too; and I cannot but believe that you must rejoice in the knowledge, old though it may be, that you have filled one more heart with sunshine.

Ever since you and I were little girls you have been a joy and delight to me, and since you have taken up the habit of coming every year with the smiling daffodils, I have basked in your delicious humor—sometimes near to tears, as all true humor is—with ever-increasing admiration of your genius. But it is for this spring I want to thank you. I had been ill and much troubled and you came, a potent physician—a best medicine. I carry you about and my blues turn to rose-color and my grumblies to smiles.

Alas! when you are sick and sorry there will be no Rosina Vokes for you to go to see. But that the brightness you have shed on others will return to warm and cheer you as you have warmed and cheered us is the sincere wish of

Yours gratefully,

NELLY FAULDER CLARK,

104 West Thirty-eighth street,

May 15, 1890. New York.

William Winter, the well-known dramatic critic, recently presented to the Players' Club the girdle that Adelaide Neilson wore the last time she played Rosalind in America, and a miniature portrait of Mary Anderson.

Two cars sixty feet long have been purchased to transport the scenery and belongings of The County Fair. A western manager predicts that unless a few real cows or tank effects are introduced in Macbeth, Richard III, and others of the same class, the legitimate will have to take second place next season.

It is reported that when Sara Bernhardt's present contract expires she intends coming to America to play Romeo to Margaret Mather's Juliet.

Literary Chat.

Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's book, *A Social Departure*, is meeting with great and deserved success. A brighter record of a journey is not often met with.

The Week in order to encourage local literary talent is offering prizes of \$50, \$30, \$20 and \$10 for the four best short stories submitted to it before the first of November.

For literary training says Thos. Wentworth Higginson, the influence of natural beauty is simply priceless. On this flowerly bank, on this rippled shore are the true literary models. How many living authors have ever attained to writing a single page which could be for one moment compared, for the simplicity and grace of its structure, with this green spray of wild woodbine or yonder white wreath of blossoming clematis? A finely organized sentence should throb and palpitate like the most delicate vibrations of the summer air. We talk of literature as if it were a mere matter of rule and measurement, a series of processes long since brought to mechanical

perfection; but it would be less incorrect to say that it all lies in the future; tried by the out-door standard, there is as yet no literature, but only glimpses and guide-boards; no writer has yet succeeded in sustaining, through more than some single occasional sentence, that fresh and perfect charm. If by the training of a life-time one could succeed in producing one continuous page of perfect cadence, it would be a life well spent. If one could learn to make his statements as firm and unswerving as the horizon line,—his continuity of thought as marked, yet as unbroken, as yonder soft gradations by which the eye is lured upward from lake to wood, from wood to hill, from hill to heaven, American students seldom live long enough to master their own language. "Life is too short" to waste precious years in finding that which has been "discovered." Archbishop Farrar in an article on Literary Criticism, in the *Forum* for May, decrying ill-tempered or pointless censure, quite frequently quotes from Latin or some other foreign tongue to elucidate his points. All such "elucidations" are lost to the vast majority of his readers. This pernicious and pedantic habit is common among scholarly linguists. They seem to forget that ninety-nine of every hundred of their readers are untaught in the dead or foreign languages, and that all such quotations are gibberish to them. Perhaps the brilliant Archbishop did not employ Latin, French and German to show his erudition, but he certainly showed a want of good taste in tantalizing most of his admiring readers with his occasional learned obscurities in the *Forum* article.

After Mr. Howells' lucubrations against Thackeray, it is interesting to read what the English scholar, William Ernest Henley, writes of that author. Of Thackeray Henley says, epigrammatically, that he was the average clubman, plus genius and a style. He finds in the author of *Vanity Fair* a highly respectable British cynic, who delights in reminding us that everybody is a humbug; that we are all rank snobs; that to mislead your aspirates is to be ridiculous and incapable of real merit; that all is vanity; that there's a skeleton in every house; that passion, enthusiasm, excess of any sort is absurd. All the same, his manner is the perfection of conversational writing; graceful, yet vigorous; admirably artificial, yet incomparably sound; touched with modishness, yet informed with distinction; instinct with urbanity, yet instinct with charm—it is a type of high-bred English, a climax of literary art. He was a born writer, and he had learnt his art before he began to practise it.

Current Literature includes in its list of notable articles in the magazines for the month a paper on Grouse Shooting on American Prairies in *Outing*, by Mr. E. W. Sandys.

Art and Artists.

In an address delivered at Manchester recently at the opening of a school of art Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, said: "Let your young folks further see on the subject of industrial art that it is not merely in sumptuous and stately furniture, in costly tissues, such as those that have been spread before us with so liberal a hand by Sir Charles Robinson—not in the working of precious metals only, or the in-weaving of jewels—that in these only is the highest level of beauty attained; but in the hands of Greeks, of Egyptians, of Etruscans, of Japanese, and other gifted nations, the most humble utensils, the ordinary appliances, the cup, the goblet, the spoon, the fork, the platter, the lamp, the mirror, the comb for the toilet, the humble stove, the settle—all these things have been invested with curve and form, with rhythmical proportions so lovely and so full of subtlety and variety that it would seem that with the people among whom they have been produced the sense of beauty pervaded the air and was overwhelming. This let your young people see, and so, not in a day—of course we don't expect miracles—we shall find the physical sense bred amongst the many, and amongst the few original intellectual genius will be evolved by the diffusion of a higher standard of taste and perception. A favorable atmosphere for production will be engendered, and in the multiplication of comely and delightful surroundings, a steady source of wholesome and unassassable delights will spread increasingly, and more and more embrace a wider number of homes within its elevating influence, bringing into their lives, and firing all their spirits with light and warmth, which I am afraid I must say is too seldom vouchsafed to them in this gloom-bound northern climate."

The Architects' Association of Ontario met in the rooms of the Architectural Sketch Club on Tuesday. There were present Messrs. D. B. Dick, S. G. Curry, E. Burk, W. B. Storin, and S. H. Townsend of this city, Messrs. Bastrick and Edwards of Hamilton, Messrs. Ewarts and Arnoldi of Hamilton, and Mr. Blackwell of Peterborough. Mr. W. J. Storin was elected president, and Mr. S. H. Townsend registrar.

A meeting of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening. The chief topic of discussion was in keeping with the season, viz.—a holiday trip to Niagara. This will probably take place this month.

Mr. Carl Ahrens has returned from the country.

Marine subjects seem to have an irresistible fascination for artists these days.

How It Might.

"They say gum chewing undermines the intellect."

Noted People.

The Empress Eugenie is traveling in Norway under an assumed name.

Emperor William of Germany has been studying the Russian language for a year.

By her will Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the English poetess, who died recently, leaves \$315,000 to charitable and educational establishments for women.

A philanthropic desire to fit herself to be a nurse has led Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, to enter a London hospital.

The Grand Duchess Xenia, daughter of the Czar, who is engaged to be married to her second cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander, is but 15 years of age.

Olive Schreiner, the author of *An African Farm*, has, it is said, a liking for raw meat. She takes her beefsteak just warm enough to remove the effects of the ice-box.

The small Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, is said to be growing exactly like her mother. The little girl is an enthusiastic entomologist, and never leaves the Castle of Laxenburg, where she lives, without a butterfly net.

Her Majesty the Queen pays great attention to the floral wreaths which she sends out. Inquiry is made as to what were the favorite flowers of the deceased person, and if it is possible they are obtained. All the Royal wreaths are made at the gardens at Frogmore.

A voting contest lately instituted by a popular London paper shows Miss Braddon to be the favorite novelist of the English public. Rider Haggard following two hundred votes behind that inexhaustible story-teller, and Walter Besant pushing Mr. Haggard close.

One of Horace Greeley's nephews has a little town in Warren county, Pa. In personal appearance he is not unlike his distinguished uncle. He thinks Horace might also become a great barber if he had not got switched off in another direction when he was young and immature.

While the Empress Frederick has been in London she has been engaged on a strange tour of inspection. Accompanied by her German architect and several well-known gentlemen who make a specialty of baths, she has visited a number of large houses in London in order to get some fresh ideas for baths to fit up in her own home.

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, is a hoary-haired man with a scholarly stoop, and still presides over the Phonetic Institute, Bath, England. He is rising seventy-eight, yet he supervises a correspondence of thirty thousand letters a year, besides editing the *Phonetic Journal* and compiling the numerous books which he annually publishes.

Sir Robert Rawlinson is a Lancashire self-made man. On one occasion, while passing through Chorley, he pointed to a step and said, "That step is well set." His friend, who was a well-known lawyer, laughed heartily, and said, "How should I know?" He, in reply, said, "Well I know it is, for I set it myself," having worked as a working stonemason in Chorley.

The famous preacher, Rev. Phillips Brooks, takes no summer vacation, but is found in his place Sunday after Sunday, throughout the hot weather. His friend Judge Howland delights to tell the story of the Rugby football player, who, when he saw the massive figure of the Boston minister loom up in the chapel pulpit, exclaimed: "Great heavens! what a man for a center rush!"

A *bon mot*, to which fate has since added an ironical comment, has been attributed to the ex-Emperor of Brazil. On being shown one of those mechanical wonders, which always interested him more than the cares of government, he said, "How should I know?" He, in reply, said, "Well I know it is, for I set it myself,"

said the monarch, "It actually beats our South American republics."

A young woman requested Moltke and Bismarck to write in her album. The marshal wrote: "Falsehood passes away, truth remains." Von Moltke, Field Marshal. Bismarck took the pen and added: "I know very well the truth will prevail in the next world; but, in the meantime, a field marshal himself would be powerless against falsehood in this world." Von Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire."

The Czar of Russia is especially fond of his Finnish possessions, because only in Finland does he feel himself safe from assassination. At present, accompanied by the Czarina and their children, he is making his annual picnic cruise among the Finnish islands. Sometimes the royal party lands for five o'clock tea, when the emperor gathers sticks for the fire, and the empress boils the kettle. They travel and live like any plain *bourgeois* couple, the Czar in tweeds, in which he looks enormous, and the Czarina in the simplest of yachting costumes.

The Duchess of Leinster, who, at the late state ball at Buckingham Palace, wore diamond epaulettes, a diamond corslet, many coils of lightly mounted diamonds—like glistening serpents—among the laces of her toilette, a diamond tiara, diamond bracelets, and more diamond brooches and buckles than the dashboard could count, is not a mere fine lady. At Maynooth, in Ireland, she has established an industrial school for poor women and girls, under charge of the nuns, where the pupils are taught various industries, and where the beautiful young duchess herself both teaches in the classes, and tries to improve the forlorn condition of the peasants, who adore her.

Mrs. Adair of Rathdrake, Ireland, who, according to English newspapers, has refused an offer of \$1,750,000 for her cattle ranch in Colorado, holding the property for a round two millions, is the daughter of Gen. Wadsworth of Genesee, N. Y. At one time she was a dangerous rival of Mrs. Hammersley for the title of Duchess of Marlborough and such affections as the graceless duchess had to bestow with it. Indeed, the Oxford *Chronicle* and *Berks Gazette*, published at the town nearest the ducal seat, in its issue of September 17, 1885, announced the engagement of the Duke of Marlborough and Mrs. Adair. Mrs. Adair was the widow of Col. Montgomery Ritchie, U. S. A., when she

married John George Adair, Esq., of Rathdrake, Queens Co., Ireland. She is a beauty and a capital conversationist, while her reputation as a cross-country rider is the best in Ireland. Her social supremacy is recognized in the county.

The recent meeting between the Queen and the Empress Frederick calls to mind the following story, which is characteristic of Her Majesty's eldest daughter's notions and practice of discipline. Prince Henry, the brother of the present Emperor, had, when a small boy, the greatest objection to his daily bath, and the nursery became every morning the scene of a vigorous and tearful struggle on his part against tubbing. His mother tried in vain to persuade him that baths were inevitable, and that he must submit to them; but she finally gave the nurse orders one morning to let him have his own way. Prince Henry, confident that he had gained a remarkable victory, was exultant, and when he set out for his morning walk took no pains to conceal his triumph. He indulged in sundry taunting remarks to his attendants; but on returning home he was surprised to notice that the sentinel at the gate did not present arms as he passed. On reaching the palace he found a second sentinel equally remiss; and, knowing as well as any of his pell-mell military race what was due to his rank, the little fellow walked up to the man and asked, severely:

"Do you know who I am?"
"Yes, Hohein," said the sentinel, standing motionless.

"Who am I?"
"Prince Heilrich."

"Why don't you salute, then?"
"Because we do not present arms to an unwashed prince," replied the sentinel, who had received his orders from the prince's mother.

The little fellow said not a word, but walked on. Next morning he took his bath with perfect docility, and was never known to complain of it again.

Love's Dream.

For Saturday Night.

Cupid, on a sultry day in June,
A shelter sought from the fervent noon.

He espied a cool inviting shade,
A friendly shadow the hawthorns made.

Some poppies flaunted their blossoms nigh
And wheat stalks rustled a lullaby.

The summer silence was calm and deep
And the drowsy boy inclined to sleep.

He placed, as he pressed his mossy bed,
His fateful quiver beneath his head.

His eyelids drooped 'neath the languid day
Until on his cheek; their lashes lay.

A sphyri gave him a parting kiss,
He dreamed, and the dream of love was this:

He dreamt there stood in his very way
A maiden fair as the flush of day.

He drew, as he marked her rosy lips,
An arrow's head to his finger tips,

Let fly the dart in a vengeful way,
The charming target to wound or slay.

But smitten he seemed with feeble will,
He could not wound her, nor could he kill.

Dart after dart that he sped in vain
He saw her catch with a cool disdain.

Then Love awoke, in enraged surprise,
And muttered, "She, whom I first meet, dies!"

When lo, on a bank beside the plain
A maiden sat with a wooin swain.

Said Love, "A couple distraught they seem,
Before I wound them I'll tell my dream."

So he sat him down below the pair,
And told his dream with a vexed air.

And as he talked in the fading light,
His vengeful threat was forgotten quite.

Then up he arose and bade adieu,
And a shadow fell between the two.

"Love seems distressed by his dream," said he.
"Ah! Love does little but dream," said she.

R. CROOKENDEN.

Toronto Girls and the Wheel.



While the women who ride bicycles in Toronto are not many, numbering only thirteen or thereabout as yet, the enthusiasm of those who have dared to mount the wheel is bound to be contagious. Talking with some of them yesterday I managed to elicit considerable information regarding the initiatory exercises, and my good opinion of bicycling for women was very materially strengthened.

Those I have spoken to have ridden only during this season, but they seem thoroughly in love with the exercise, and cited many cases in which others had announced a determination to "have a wheel next year."

I have carefully noticed the movements made, from the agile mount to the graceful descent from a wheel, and I am convinced that the popularly expressed opinion as to the hoydenish character of bicycling for women is founded on prejudice and ignorance.

The position assumed is an entirely graceful one, and a woman's seat on the wheel is attended with far more true elegance and naturalness of figure than in a saddle.

I was much surprised at the apparent ease with which the art of riding was acquired. The whole secret seemed to be to stay on, and look graceful, and graceful they certainly were, with the well-timed movement, erect position and dainty costume appointments.

In bicycling, as in every other form of ener-

getic exercise, the dress for the occasion is of the simplest description and quite severe in its fashioning. The complete outfit is marked by a trimness which suggests at once the orthodox riding-habit. The head-gear, though, is more jaunty, the stiff hat being replaced by a natty cap in the most approved style. Regarding the length of the riding-skirt I found some differences of opinion, one assuring me that it should be at least three inches shorter than a walking dress, and another affirming as her belief that it was much better if longer than for ordinary wear. The same difference of opinion is manifested by the occasional departure from the postillion bodice.

"I wear a blouse with turned down collar, for there is considerable exercise about riding and I like the freedom," said one ardent bicyclene.

In bicycling the rider's personality is very obvious, for the dexterous or unskillful management of her wheel depends so entirely upon her grace or awkwardness.

The women who ride bicycles in Toronto have been much annoyed by the close attention which invariably greeted them on even the quietest streets, while some very funny incidents are still bright in their memories. It was the emphatic avowal of more than one daring rider that people stared unmercifully. So much so that wheels were left unused for some little time after encountering a particularly embarrassing crowd of starers.

One pretty dark-haired girl while speaking of the annoyance of running the gauntlet of curious eyes laughed merrily over the description of a small boy who was much interested in her wheel. The urchin's one wild desire was to hear her ring her bell and he hurried after her half breathless, while his coaxing query: "Won't you ring yer bell, missis," was very amusing. "The trouble was," said the laughing narrator, "that he wanted me to go on ringing it." The story of the importunate little urchin, to whom the familiar ting-a-ling-ling gave such pleasure, was illustrative of only one of the odd phases of bicycling on country roads.

Toronto's female bicyclists do not confine themselves to wheeling over asphalt pavements, for I learned that Weston, Victoria Park and the Half-Way House were not unusual rides, and the query regarding lengthened fatigue was met with a smiling negative. An evening's wheeling does not tire more than an evening's walking, and the distance traveled means so much more pure country air for the time out.

To me the tall wheel with its male rider flying alongside a lady's safety which a girl, with well-trained muscles, is speeding over a level road is a very pretty picture. The "boys" seem delighted to add to the wheel's popularity through the manifest enthusiasm of their sisters and friends, while I know of one husband who rides very often, and is almost invariably accompanied by his wife on her well-managed bicycle. "People do say dreadful things and look very scornfully," said this same little woman, "but I am fond of it, and my husband wants me to ride with him, so if it pleases him and I like it, I don't care what they say." This is surely the proper spirit with which to begin a run. People are so ready to denounce the novel as the naughty that new customs have much to fight. There is an innate something which looks askance at innovations, and in ignorance singles out some fancied disapproving feature. Once established, this unjust conclusion becomes a foundation for often the most unpardonable prejudice.

Girls' lives to-day must differ from their grandmothers' girlhoods, and the idea of freedom is becoming well sustained in the minds of parents. Whatever conduces to health and broadens the mind, is likely to prove a strong factor of happiness, so the girls may well if they choose, while the wiseacres shake their heads and prophesy broken necks and hoysdens.

Bicycling for women is yet in its infancy among us, but it is not unlikely that it will prove a most popular form of recreation in the very near future, for the boundless enthusiasm of those who ride, and the easily-detected exhilaration of the movement will be sure to bring many to swell the ranks of the Toronto bicyclists.

A very delightful picture was presented quite recently on Carlton street, as a well-guided lady's safety sped along, accompanied by a most protective-looking high wheel. The ride had been a brisk one, for the girl's face was glowing, while the dancing eyes told of vigor yet unspent. The wind's havoc with well-pinned tresses was not unapparent. The free, strong movements bespoke great energy and strength. The laughing face turned up now and then, and the gleeful little laugh which was swept towards me indicated the pleasure enjoyed, while clusters of wild flowers straggling along her bodice, told me of a little way-side loitering out yonder, a little gay garnering of uncultivated blossoms, and a pleasant ride throughout, to which this brisk run along Carlton, in the gray dusk, was a most delightful finish.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

High License vs. Prohibition.

Temperance Advocate—I see you have high license in your town. How does it work?

Col. Rumrose—Miserable. There are so few saloons that you can't enter one without having to treat a dozen friends; and, there being no competition, the whisky is vile. High license is a failure. Give me prohibition, and plenty of drug-stores."

The Sunday Paper.

The demand for the Sunday paper steadily increases in spite of the feeble opposition made to it. As a brain product it is as marvelous a thing as marks this progressive literary age. It is an eclectic volume calculated to meet the tastes of all classes of readers, and represents the labors and thoughts of some of the ablest minds in the country. Backs of each issue are hundreds of cultured workers and ready pens. Art written up by artists, sports by sportsmen, educational matters by educators, religious progress by the best known divines, novelettes by popular fiction writers, humor by heaviest salaried American wits, seaside letters by the breeziest correspondents, national growth and advancement by the ablest statesmen, and in fact everything of importance from the pens of specialists who are recognized authorities on the subjects handled. The photographic art and the wonderful mechanical processes for producing illustrations have made many of these papers picture books, in which are reproduced not

only the finest midsummer holiday publication that has reached our table is that of THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, from the Sheppard Publishing Co. It is certainly a credit to this enterprising firm of publishers.—*Bedford (Que.) Times*.

By all odds the finest midsummer holiday publication that has reached our table is that of THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, from the Sheppard Publishing Co. It is certainly a credit to this enterprising firm of publishers.—*Bedford (Que.) Times*.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, a society paper published in the Queen City, issued on July 1 a special holiday number, with stories and readings in prose and verse, suitable to the season, prominence being given in the numerous illustrations to the beauties of outdoor life, which



He—O, do you will marry me! Why don't you answer?
She (hesitating)—Er—I—er—er—
He—Why, anyone would think I had asked you to sing!—*Life*.

are nowhere more beautiful than in Canada. Altogether it is quite an ambitious effort.—*St. John (N. B.) Globe*

The Holiday Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is a credit to Canadian journalism.—*Almonte Times*.

It is a very creditable production, magnificently illustrated and containing a large amount of excellent reading.—*Leamington Post*.

We have received a very beautiful copy of SATURDAY NIGHT, issued by the Sheppard Publishing Co., Toronto. It is entitled CANADA'S SUMMER.—*St. Mary's Argus*.

The holiday number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is finely illustrated and contains numerous sketches of Canadian summer resorts, interspersed with short stories adapted to the holiday season.—*St. Thomas Evening Journal*.

It is a fine specimen of printing, and is full of the choicest original contributions and selections from story-writers, poets and the comic writer. It is profusely illustrated, and most of the sketches are original.—*Perth Courier*.

There are in the book 36 pages, consisting of a superior class of reading matter, the subjects treated being fully illustrated, together with six full page illustrations. The number is gotten up in the finest style of the art, and with the blue and gold cover makes a very attractive appearance.—*Port Arthur Herald*.

Besides containing a number of excellent literary hits, it opens with a sermonette on *Guests*, by Louise Mark-chefell; a short story, *Where Roads Meet*, by Edmund E. Sheppard; an article by Louis Frechette, entitled *With Victor Hugo*; *The Story of a Skull*, by Alex. F. Pirie; *Only a Young Son*, by Seranus; *Why Smith Never Married*, by D. A. McKellar; *Tangles*, by Frances Burton Clare. Throughout the Holiday Number are interspersed poetical selections of a fine order. Coming to us once a week, SATURDAY NIGHT forms a pleasant recreation, and we are impressed with the idea that it is fully performing its duty in giving the fashionable world something solid and tangible with which to occupy the idle moments necessarily belonging to that class of mortals.—*Haldimand Advocate*.

It is one of the handsomest illustrated papers ever put up in the Queen City. The plates are superb, while the literary matter shows signs of having been carefully selected.—*Stratford Times*.

The Holiday Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is a credit to the publishers. The covers are printed in blue and gold, and present a neat and tasty appearance, while the inside is well printed on fine, heavy paper profusely illustrated, and filled with interesting reading and poetry.—*Northumberland Enterprise*.

The Summer Holiday Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is a very excellent one. The contents are varied and of unusual interest, comprising a number of short stories, poems

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Lord Cameron admired Wallace's independence, yet while he saw he would hurt him deeply by insisting upon his acceptance of the check, he could not feel satisfied to accept as a gift the valuable plans which he had executed for him.

He therefore said no more about the money, but, before he slept, he wrote several letters to prominent parties in New York, whom he knew, in which he spoke with highest praise of Wallace's talents as an architect, and solicited their influence and patronage for him in the future.

"Perhaps this may prove to be of more advantage to you than the contents of that other envelope which you rejected," he remarked, with a smile, as he slipped half a dozen letters of introduction into his hands just before they retired.

"You are very thoughtful, Cameron," Wallace said appreciatively; "and I thankfully make use of these."

The fifth of October, the date of Wallace's departure, dawned a bright, lovely morning.

Lord Cameron had arranged to accompany him to Liverpool, determined to delay their parting to the last moment, and dreading more than he could express the return to his estate in Essex County, when he would begin to realize something of the loneliness of his own situation. Wallace's illness, and the care which he had been forced to give him, he now realized had been a great blessing to him, for it had prevented, in a measure, his brooding over his own troubles.

Vane had made thoughtful provision for his friend's voyage, supplying him with everything he could think of to make his passage comfortable and pleasant, and the two men, after taking an affectionate leave of Lady Isabel, who also had become very fond of Wallace, drove away to catch the express for Liverpool.

As they were passing through one of the busy thoroughfares of the city, their progress was hindered for a few moments by a blockade of vehicles.

While waiting for an opportunity to advance, another carriage, going in the opposite direction, slowly passed them—for the stream of teams was not blocked on the other side of the street—and when it was directly opposite them the face of a woman looked forth from the window, for an instant, then the coach passed on, and she was lost to view.

An agonized cry had burst from Wallace at that moment, and that, with his fixed stare at the passing carriage, caused Lord Cameron also to glance that way; but he only caught a fleeting glimpse of the outline of a delicate face framed in golden hair, then she vanished beyond his sight.

"Violet!" gasped Wallace, with ashen lips, and trembling violently from head to foot. "Did you see her? Oh, let me out, quick! quick! I must find her!"

He was terribly agitated and unnerved, almost frantic, in fact, and Lord Cameron greatly feared another attack such as had previously prostrated him.

He reached out his hand and pushed him firmly, yet kindly, back upon his seat.

"Be quiet, Richardson!" he said, with gentle authoritativeness. "It could not have been Violet. It was but a delusion, a fancied resemblance, or a trick of the imagination. Violet is dead. Did I not see her with my own eyes? Did I not care for her, and lay her to rest beneath the shade of that grand old beech—while you yourself have seen her grave?"

"Oh, but it—the face—was so like—so like!" murmured Wallace, still fearfully overcome.

"My friend," Vane continued, while he tried to control his own startled nerves, "you must not allow yourself to be so unnerved by a fancied, or even a real resemblance to the loved one whom you have lost. It is not unlikely you may meet it again some time, but you must meet it bravely."

"The great sorrow has been sent up to you, and you must bear it with courage and resolution, as one who believes in God would meet the trials which He sends upon you. There is work in the world for you to do, or your life would not have been spared; take it up, carry it on to its fulfillment, and do not ruin your health, your brain, your great talent, by allowing the ghost of your lost happiness to haunt and weaken you thus."

The young man spoke gravely and very earnestly, but his own face was almost as pallid as Wallace's, and it was easy to see that he had been deeply moved by what had occurred. It might even be that he was striving to fortify his own sore heart and wounded spirit with the admonitions that he was giving his friend.

Wallace wiped the perspiration from his face, and strove manfully to recover his self-possession; but it was no easy thing to do, and it was long before he regained his natural color, or ceased to tremble visibly.

"I know what you say must be true," he returned, when he could speak, "and my common sense tells me that I was deceived—that the face could not have been Violet's; and yet—if I could follow and find the woman who looks so much like her—who seemed to be her exact counterpart, I believe it would comfort me—would help to ease this ceaseless aching, this never-ending longing of my heart."

"Indeed! and have you been in town long?"

"About a month."

"Really! I wonder that we have not met before, then," Mrs. Mencke remarked, with some surprise.

"It is not strange," said Lady Cameron, with a sigh, "for my son and I are still too sad to care to go much into company, and we should not have been here this evening but for a special request of your consul, who is an old and valued friend."

Mrs. Mencke colored vividly at this reply, and began to make excuses for her own presence there; but Lady Cameron, with a disapproving glance over her elegant and showy costume, only bowed with reserved courtesy in reply, and then, as Lord Cameron accused an acquaintance who was approaching, she excused herself and turned to greet her friend, leaving Mrs. Mencke boiling with rage over their sister's reception, and bitterly disappointed at not having secured an invitation even to call upon them.

She felt humiliated as well as angry, and too wrought up to longer enjoy the gayeties of the evening, she retired at an early hour from the reception.

The unhappy woman had other causes, aside from the failure of her matrimonial schemes and the contempt of the Camerons, for anxiety and unhappiness.

Her husband, during the last few months, while visiting various resorts, had developed an alarming taste for gambling, and had to her knowledge, lost large sums of money; while he seemed perfectly reckless in his expenditure, and she felt sure, though she did not yet dream the worst, that their own as well as Violet's fortune was fast melting away.

Wallace had a quick and comfortable passage, and, having cabled the time of his departure, and the name of the steamer, found his partner awaiting him at the pier upon his arrival in New York.

He greeted him with great warmth, which

had in it an undertone of genuine sympathy for his troubles, and then informed him that he had just secured a contract for a sixty-thousand-dollar building, remunerating, too, that he hoped Wallace fell in the spirit for work as the two would have their hands full during the coming year.

"Work will be the mainspring of my life after this," Wallace briefly returned, but he appeared gratified with the encouraging report of business which his partner had given him.

He threw himself heart and soul into his profession from that day. He worked at his office from morning until evening, when not out upon duties of inspection, and for hours in his own room at night; worked to keep his mind from dwelling upon his great sorrow, and until he was so weary in body that sleep came to him, unbidden, as soon as his head touched his pillow.

He took the earliest opportunity possible to present his letters of introduction to the parties whom Lord Cameron had addressed in his behalf.

These recommendations proved to be worth a great deal to him, for to be the valued friend of an English earl and a man of genius as well, were facts calculated to give him prestige with even the most conservative, and business flowed in upon the firm of Harlow & Richardson in such a continuous stream that they bade fair to have more work than they could handle.

At the close of the first year, after Wallace's return, they found they had cleared twenty thousand dollars, while they had contracts ahead for another twelve months, besides applications that were constantly coming in.

Wallace had never been in better health during this time. He loved his work and for himself in it, and was fast winning a name and fame that promised to place him, not far in the future, at the head of his profession; while already rumors of his success had somehow been set afloat in his old home in Cincinnati, and people there were beginning to talk of that "promising young Richardson" whom they had once known only as an humble carpenter.

He had acquired also during this year both strength of character and dignity of bearing, and was a grand looking young man.

He went, now and then, into society, for Mr. Harlow, who was some years his senior, had a delightful home and a lovely wife, and they insisted upon his visiting them occasionally. In this way he met many agreeable people, who, in their turn, solicited his presence in their homes.

But society had comparatively few attractions for him, even though several ambitious mothers smiled encouragingly upon the rising young architect, and many fair, bright-eyed damsels shot alluring glances at him.

He had no heart to offer any one, and met all these advances with quiet, but dignified courtesy.

He heard regularly from Lord Cameron, who was throwing all his energies toward pushing his benevolent schemes to completion, and the buildings which Wallace had planned would, he wrote, be finished and ready for occupancy by another spring.

"He had intended to visit America before this," his last letter said, "but the press of business and the delicate state of his mother's health had thus far prevented; he hoped, however, before many weeks should pass to tread again the familiar streets of New York."

He also stated that he had met Mr. and Mrs. Mencke since the previous year. It was during the London season, and he and his mother had run across them at a brilliant reception—a circumstance that surprised him some what, as he did not suppose they would go into society so soon after the death of their sister.

The meeting had occurred in this way.

After making an extended tour of the Alps, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke had returned to London to meet Mrs. Hawley, who was to spend a few weeks there and then go to Milan, to remain for the winter with Nellie Bailey, who had concluded to devote another year to her beloved music before returning to America.

Mrs. Hawley was a woman who dearly loved society, and always had a long list of engagements—one who had it in her power to be so charming could not fail to be a welcome guest wherever she went—consequently, it was perfectly natural that she should wish her friend to participate in her enjoyment.

Mrs. Mencke at first faintly demurred upon the ground of being in mourning, but Mrs. Hawley, who did not believe in mourning anyway, easily over-ruled her scruples.

"What is the harm?" she questioned.

"You cannot do Violet any good by excluding yourself, and no one here knows you well enough to gossip about you. It would be different, perhaps, if you were at home, where people know you all your life."

So Mrs. Mencke, who liked gay life as well as any one, smothered her conscience, and, never doing things by halves, went every where.

It was at a reception given by the American consul that she met Lord Cameron and his mother, Lady Isabel, having been an intimate friend of the gentleman's family when her home was in New York.

Mrs. Mencke, ignoring entirely the barriers that had arisen between them at Mentone, ap peared delighted to meet her "dear friends"; but the greetings upon their part were decidedly cool, while Lord Cameron looked the reproaches she could not utter at Mrs. Mencke's gay manner and attire, and uttered a sigh of regret that the gentle girl, whom she had hoped to love as a daughter, should so soon have been forgotten by her only relative.

"Are you in London for any length of time, Lady Cameron?" Mrs. Mencke inquired, secretly hoping that she might get an invitation to visit her at her town-house.

"Only for a week or two longer, as my son's affairs call him to his estate in Essex," was the somewhat formal reply.

"Indeed! and have you been in town long?"

"About a month."

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Deep and frequent potations at the cup, too, were showing their effect upon him; he was growing more gross and coarse, and his temper suffered in proportion with the continuous nervous excitement under which he was laboring.

All this must have an end sooner or later, she knew, but she was not prepared to have it come so soon as it did.

Four weeks after her meeting with the Camerons, the man returned to her, late one night, from a terrible orgie. His face was bloated and crimson from drink; his eyes wild and bloodshot, his hair disheveled, and his clothing soiled and disordered.

Coming rudely into his wife's presence he cried out with a mocking oath.

"It's all gone—life—every dollar we had in the world, and, Belle, we're—hic—beggars!"

"What do you mean, Will?" his wife demanded, with a sinking heart and white face.

"Are you deaf?" he bawled, with another oath.

"We're—hic—beggars, I tell—hic—you, I've just—hic—rattled away the—hic—last dollar."

There was a scene then, as might be expected, for Mrs. Mencke was not a woman to tamely submit to such wrong and abuse, and the thought that the whole of her own, as well as Violet's fortune, had been squandered at the gaming-table and the race track was more than she could bear. She could talk as few women can talk, and when she had ceased her denunciations, Wilhelm Mencke was completely sobered, and sat pale, and sullen, and cowed before her.

She did not realize how exceedingly bitter and stinging her denunciations were until the next morning, when, upon rising, she found the jewel box, in which she kept the jewelry which she commonly wore (her diamonds and more valuable gems being locked in a trunk, fortunately) together with all that Violet had possessed, was rifled of its contents and her husband gone, together with his traveling bag.

The description of her husband was the most humiliating of all her troubles; but her proud spirit would not yield to even this blow. She calmly stated that her husband had been suddenly called home and that she was to follow him by the next steamer.

Fortunately she had considerable money with her, a great deal of it, and the jewel box was still intact, though she had been compelled to leave it open to the hotel with all its gaudy trimmings.

GRAT EYES.—Your eyes are bright, amiable, and expressive. You are not思想 so!

BROWN EYES.—Am not you思想 your sister thought her writing was delineated correctly. Your eyes show impetuosity, vanity, self-will, affectionate temperament, ambition, and eccentricity.

IRISH EYES.—What is an impulsive, kind-hearted, sympathetic little maiden you must be. But do you know, Irene, there are some dashes and curves which show decided wilfulness and a little too much self-will.

THE OTHER ONE.—If they were upon suffi ciently familiar terms with you, I should say that they were in great disarray out. You are generous beyond prudence, hasty but tender.

ALISON.—Perhaps you mean the examinations for teacher's certificates. The results will be published about August 20th. Dark green p. yellow, brown or gray will look well with blue green if you are careful to the depth of the shades.

MAUD.—The small photograph enclosed in your letter shows patience, sensitiveness, discretion, much firmness, and quick temper. Conscientiousness is also well-marked.

MADGE.—You are in all probability genial, candid, fearless, impulsive, cheerful and of good practical ability.

BETTY EYES.—Reserve, some selfishness, keen sense of humor, good executive ability and perseverance are shown by your writing.

HARRY WATER.—This writing shows decided eccentricity, much self-will, ostentation, and ambition, with jealous disposition.

PLUTO.—Your writing shows cheerfulness, amiability, decision, perseverance and mirth. They must have been enemies. Do you not think so?

BROWN EYES.—Am glad your sister thought her writing was delineated correctly. Your eyes show impetuosity, vanity, self-will, affectionate temperament, ambition and eccentricity.

IRISH EYES.—You are bold, lacking in decision, while your impetuosity and quick temper is ever contriving plans which you have not the perseverance to carry out. You are generous beyond prudence, hasty but tender.

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BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER VI.

"A VOICE FROM THE SEA."

When Standish finished, Egerton did not speak for a moment or two. He stared at his companion in an odd, bewildered way, and crumbled the bread which lay beside him, as if unconscious of what he was about.

"I wonder what this fellow can have to tell?" he exclaimed at last. "I suppose he is some pal of the suspected Spaniard turning King's evidence." Egerton poured out a glass of wine and drank it off as soon as he had spoken. "I should like to hear what he has to say, and judge for myself. I shall run down to Eastport to-morrow."

"So shall I," returned Standish. "There's a train at eight-thirty. It will land us at Eastport by eleven-to-morrow morning. I'll telegraph to Briggs to have the man at his office to meet us."

"If you cannot get away easily, I will do the best I can and report to you," said Egerton, glancing sharply at him and dropping his eyes again.

"I think I can manage it. I shall look in at Lady R—'s to-night and say a word to my chief. I shall see Sydne, too, a man who sometimes takes my work. Lord R— is greatly interested in this business, and there is nothing very special going on. I can be very well."

"If it is necessary, then, for both to go—"

"I think it decidedly necessary," interrupted Standish. "In Callander's absence I am the nearest friend to the murdered woman."

Egerton did not reply for some minutes, during which Standish called for and filled in a telegram form.

"Send it at once. It will be delivered at cock-crow to-morrow if it be too late to-night. Now, Egerton, I must write a few letters and excuse myself to Dorothy Wynd, with whom I promised to walk to-morrow. The poor little soul is fretting her life out. I shall not give her the least clue to the real reason why I am obliged to leave town to-morrow. I must say I am fiercely anxious to ascertain what this man's revelations may lead up to. I wonder what has become of Dillon. I wish we could slip him at the new witness."

"He was in town a day or two ago. He called at my rooms, but I had not come to town. Bauer, my man, was there (I sent him on first, to have things ready), so he paid him a visit, and seems to have inspected the premises, for Bauer was much displeased; he said had no business to pry and ask questions about a gentleman like me. But I told him it was only the force of habit."

"I think I will send a line to his address. I should like him to be with us to-morrow. He is an amazingly shrewd fellow, but I have an unpleasant feeling that an opposite party, if there were an opposite party, could generally induce him to see what they wished, by the application of a golden salve to the palm of his hand."

"You think so?" asked Egerton, gravely.

"Yes; I may do him injustice, but that is my impression."

Egerton thought for an instant and then said: "I will leave you to your letters, Standish. I want to write some myself before I go to bed. We'll meet, then, at the Waterloo to-morrow morning. But should anything occur to prevent you, I shall go on alone."

"Oh! I'll be there."

"By the way," resumed Egerton, "but I have Dillon's address, why should I not look him up? I can explain matters and arrange for him to accompany us."

"You might try," said Standish, "but I fancy it is no easy to find him in, nor do I think he likes following the trail in company."

Egerton took the card and put it in his notebook, then nodding good-night to his host, went away with a rapid step.

"I am sorry to disappoint Dorothy," thought Standish, as he paged paper and ink before him on the library table. "Life would be very dull to me with but her and Henrietta Oakley. What an improvement a touch of real feeling has been to Henrietta—especially physically. She looks uncannily hand-some sometimes, and I applied himself to his letters."

The next morning was wild and gloomy, with bursts of wind and flashes of sudden heavy rain. Egerton did not fail to join Standish at the Waterloo, and they accomplished the journey afoot. In the noon, after the latter had informed him that he had failed to find Dillon. The porter at the hotel informed him that Dillon had been there that morning, and would probably call the next, but his coming and going were extremely uncertain. Egerton had therefore left a note for him.

When they reached Eastport the well-known common was half hidden by thick sheets of rain sweeping before a wild south easter, while the heavy, leaden colored, threatening waves thundered along the beach.

Neither uttered the thoughts which the sight of the familiar place conjured up in both. Once a sigh so deep as to be almost a moan, broke from Egerton, and he said in a hoarse tone, "What an ending to it all!"

After a short halt at the hotel they drove to the office of the lawyer who had been instructed to act for Colonel Callander, should his offer of reward produce any result.

Mr. Briggs was a short, dumpy man, with whiskers meeting under his chin, and a round, jovial face. He rolled somewhat in his walk—indeed, gave strangers the impression of being a "sea-going solicitor."

He was a little exalted in his own esteem by being mixed up with such swells as Standish and Egerton, and by the sort of halo the whole business had cast around him. He received him cordially.

"Very glad to see you, gentlemen! The man—Tom Ritson—about whom I wrote, has not come yet, but he will be here presently. I don't know that what he has to tell is of much importance. Step into my private office."

As he threw anланer door open, a sailor of ordinary type presented himself at the entrance of the office.

"Oh, there you are, Ritson! Come along."

They all went in the private room, where Standish at once took a chair. Egerton remained standing, and the lawyer retreated to his usual fortress, the arm-chair behind his hole-tail table.

The sailor, holding his cap in both hands, somewhat nervously, but with an air of some importance, kept close to the door.

"Come, Ritson," said the lawyer, "tell these gentlemen your story."

Ritson shifted from one foot to the other. "Well, sir," he began, "this was the way of it. You see, I'm an Eastport man, and I shipped aboard the Macedonia, one of the Commercial Steam Navigation Company's ships, in London Dock in September last. We put in here for a day and a night, and I had leave to go and see some of my friends as live out Westend way, but I was to be at my post at seven next morning, as we were to sail with the tide."

Egerton muttered a half-inarticulate exclamation of impatience, and Briggs said, aloud: "Come, get on, my man."

"I must tell it you all, from beginning to end," he said, "or I can't do it no way."

"Give him his head," murmured Standish, in a low tone.

"So," continued Ritson, "as my aunt's husband was a jovial, hospitable chap, I thought I'd not stay there all night, for maybe I'd drink a drop too much, and oversleep myself. We sat talkin' and chattin' till past midnight. Then I says goodby, and started to walk into Eastport. I had had a drop, but only a drop. I knew what I was about. It was dark when I set out, but by and by the moon rose, and by the

BLIND FATE.

TOURIST SATURDAY NIGHT.

ensued, and scarcely seemed to hear the comments Standish made on Ritson's story, his assertion that there was but one man about the premises. He only remarked abruptly, "No, I never thought there was more than one in it, and I fear—I feel sure he will not soon be caught."

The first part of the return journey was passed in nearly complete silence. Then Egerton, who had been looking at a Continental Bradshaw, exclaimed:

"Standish, I will go to Spain and hunt up this Pedro myself."

"Indeed! What has—"

"I have frequently thought of doing it," interrupted Egerton. "The fact is, I have not felt strong enough to undertake the journey hither. But I am the right man to look for him; I speak the language; and he is probably lurking in my mother's country. I knew most of the influential families in Valencia when I was there not many years ago. They will not have quite forgotten me. Yes, I think I can get on the old road after to-morrow. Too much time has been lost."

"My dear fellow," cried Standish, "do not be rash. Consult your medical adviser. Even your success will not bring poor Mabel back to life, will not restore the charm of his existence to Callander, nor—"

"Give back the color and savor to mine," interrupted Egerton, impulsively. "I assure you, in my present mood I see little or no charm in life. If I could bring this—There, I cannot talk about it. You do not dream of the extraordinary mixture of feelings which distract me." He stopped abruptly, and then went on in a forced tone: "I am not quite an Englishman, you see. I feel more acutely, none of you quite consider me an out-and-out Englishman. See how Dorothy Wynd refused me; she couldn't bear me."

"The whim of a very young girl," urged Standish.

"There is wonderful ripeness and decision about Miss Wynd," he said. "She is more like twenty-nine than nineteen. She disliking me with her intellect as well as her heart. However, I shall never offend in the same way. Yes, I'll go to Spain. It has no associations with the immediate past and I shall go alone."

You had better go with Dillon. I fancy he is free just now," Egerton made no reply, nor did Standish press the question.

They discussed Egerton's plans till they neared the Metropolis, and Standish remarked how clear and defined they were. They had evidently not been thought out on the spur of the moment. When they spoke of Callander's probable return, Standish fancied he could trace a certain reluctance on his companion's part to meet his friend.

"He shrinks from the pain of seeing him," thought Standish. "It is natural enough, especially as he is evidently weakened and depressed."

At the Waterloo they parted, each going his own way. Standish found various letters, invitations and notes awaiting him, amongst them one from Miss Oakley.

"Do come and see us soon to Eastport, and are dying to know the reason why. Have you found out anything?"

"Imagine! Mrs. Callander is to arrive the day after to-morrow. I had a letter from Miss Boothby. The poor old thing seems quite worn out, for my aunt has been very unwell, and you may imagine what that means to her attendants."

"If Mr. Egerton is with you, pray bring him. He is more interesting than ever."

"Yours truly,

"HENRIETTA OAKLEY."

"I hope to Heaven Miss Oakley has not communicated her knowledge or suspicions to Dorothy," said Standish to himself, when he finished this epistle. "I do not want her to be disturbed with any fresh information, she is in a pitiable state of nervous depression as it is. I wish Henrietta Oakley would take her and children abroad, to some place quite unconcerned with the past. I must talk to her about this."

Looking at his watch, he found it would not be too late to present himself after dinner.

He felt somewhat uneasy until he had seen Dorothy, and was certain the first glance at her face would tell him how much she knew.

The ladies had left the dinner table and were in the drawing-room. Collins informed the late, but welcome, visitor when he opened the door.

Miss Oakley was at the piano when Standish was shown in, and Dorothy sitting on a low chair by the fire; the dancing light played upon the red golden brown of her hair, the pale oval of her delicate pensive face; she was more dressed than he had yet seen her. It is her black dress was opened in a long V, an inner edging of white crêpe almost filling up the space, her elbow sleeves showed her slight white arms. Standish was almost frightened to see how fragile, how fairy-like she looked, she ought now to be looking more like her own bright self. The recuperative powers of youth ought to assert themselves by this time.

At the first syllable of his name, she started up and ran to meet him.

"How good of you to come at once, Paul! I knew you would."

"Mr. Standish! This is delightful! I am dying to hear what took you away to that wretched place," cried Miss Oakley, coming over to shake hands with him.

"Yes, Paul, tell us everything," echoed Dorothy, "but first for my piece of good news. I had quite a nice letter from the colonel. He will be home in a week or two."

"Ha! that is good, indeed! Now I have a little, a very little to tell you. It leads, well really to nothing, and it is painful—do you still wish to hear it?"

"I do!" said Dorothy in a stifled voice.

"Yes, of course, we do," cried Henrietta, drawing a low easy chair by the fire; Dorothy nestled into the corner of a sofa which was partially in shadow, while Standish placed himself on an ottoman at Miss Oakley's left.

"How the winter is against him," said Standish. After arranging with Briggs to have Ritson's deposition properly taken and attested, also that he should inform the lawyer what vessel he joined, and her destination, invited Briggs to luncheon, which he was reluctantly obliged to decline, so Standish departed, glad to be free to return to town that evening.

First, however, wrapping himself in his ulster, he faced the rain and storm to walk round the pretty villa, where he had spent such tranquil, happy hours. With a heavy heart he contrasted that picture and this. What weighed most upon his mind was a strong conviction that something sadder was yet to come. He feared the effects of the terrible strain on Callander's nervous system. His long, lonely wanderings would increase his natural depression. The best chance for healing his wounds was in the remedy provided by Nature, in the love and care due to his children. Standish thought with infinite compassion of the bereaved husband. He seemed to realize with extraordinary force what the loss of a sweet, beloved wife must be. It would be almost impossible to bear up under such a trial. After all, an old bachelor's life is almost undividedly poverty-stricken. Then he considered vaguely what crochet had rung up Callander from the friendly, hearty confidence he had always shown to his wife's guardian, to the silent estrangement of the last few months. On this puzzle he had often meditated, but had often been obliged to give it up as inexplicable.

When he reached the hotel he found Egerton impatiently awaiting him. He was walking up and down the room, where luncheon was laid, and on the table stood a carafe of brandy, more than half empty. The sight of it reminded Standish that he thought Egerton had drunk an unusual amount of wine the night before.

"We shall scarcely catch the train," said Egerton, as they sat down to a hasty meal, of which he hardly ate anything.

He was very silent during the hour which

Swimming and Boating for Boys.

"I never would allow my boy to learn to swim," said the mother of an only son; "and I never could bear to have him in a boat. Skating I always detested, and ball-playing I consider vulgar. He has a horse for riding, and he was always allowed to walk as much as he caught."

The first part of the return journey was passed in nearly complete silence. Then Egerton, who had been looking at a Continental Bradshaw, exclaimed:

"Standish, I will go to Spain and hunt up this Pedro myself."

"Indeed! What has—"

"I have frequently thought of doing it," interrupted Egerton. "The fact is, I have not felt strong enough to undertake the journey hither. But I am the right man to look for him; I speak the language; and he is probably lurking in my mother's country. I knew most of the influential families in Valencia when I was there not many years ago. They will not have quite forgotten me. Yes, I think I can get on the old road after to-morrow. Too much time has been lost."

"My dear fellow," cried Standish, "do not be rash. Consult your medical adviser. Even your success will not bring poor Mabel back to life, will not restore the charm of his existence to Callander, nor—"

"Give back the color and savor to mine," interrupted Egerton, impulsively. "I assure you, in my present mood I see little or no charm in life. If I could bring this—There, I cannot talk about it. You do not dream of the extraordinary mixture of feelings which distract me." He stopped abruptly, and then went on in a forced tone: "I am not quite an Englishman, you see. I feel more acutely, none of you quite consider me an out-and-out Englishman. See how Dorothy Wynd refused me; she couldn't bear me."

"The whim of a very young girl," urged Standish.

"There is wonderful ripeness and decision about Miss Wynd," he said. "She is more like twenty-nine than nineteen. She disliking me with her intellect as well as her heart. However, I shall never offend in the same way. Yes, I'll go to Spain. It has no associations with the immediate past and I shall go alone."

You had better go with Dillon. I fancy he is free just now," Egerton made no reply, nor did Standish press the question.

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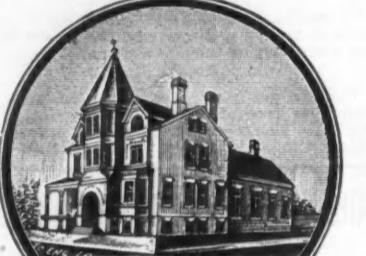
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LOOK

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)
at Newport and Old Orchard. They return via Quebec and the Thousand Islands.

The Misses Quinn of Sussex avenue are spending the summer on the St. Clair river.

A pleasing incident took place at the rooms of the Rosedale Cricket Club, on the lacrosse grounds, Monday evening last, when a deservedly popular member of the club, Mr. Geo. Seymour Lyon, was presented with a beautifully designed cup by the secretary, Mr. H. F. Petman, on behalf of the members in recognition of his excellent batting in the late international cricket match at Philadelphia. A large number were present and a very enjoyable time was spent.

A wedding ceremony of considerable note took place at St. John's church, Port Hope, on Wednesday. The event was the marriage of Mr. Joseph Featherstonhaugh of Toronto, and Miss Alice May Guernsey, second daughter of Major Guernsey of Englishtown, late of Her Majesty's 45th Regiment, Sherwood Foresters. The church was crowded at the early hour of 8:30 a.m. The rector of St. John's, Rev. E. Daniel, performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Sophie Guernsey, her sister, and Miss Minnie Featherstonhaugh, sister of the groom, while the groom was supported by Messrs. P. D. Eynecourt of Toronto and F. W. Guernsey of St. Marys, brother of the bride. The bride was married in her travelling costume of electric blue henriette cloth trimmed with plush of the same color and buttercup cord, with hat to match. The first bridesmaid's costume was of blue figured china silk; the second bridesmaid's being made of cream cashmere trimmed with pale buttercup. The happy couple left by the Norseman at noon for Rochester.

The following Torontonians registered at the Penetanguishene this week: Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Heward, Mr. A. M. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mrs. and Miss Cumberland, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mr. John A. Torrance, Mrs. and Miss T. Torrance, Major H. A. and Mrs. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Wilson, Mr. G. J. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. John McArthur and family, Mr. Frederick Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton and family, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ford and family.

The following guests are at Peninsular Park on Lake Simcoe: Mr. G. A. Chapman and family, Mr. R. V. Corrigan, Capt. Percy Beal, Miss Annie Hulley, Mr. Alfred Chapman and family, Mr. W. L. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilson, Mr. A. H. Cassetts, Mr. G. Ince, Mr. E. W. Trent, Mr. John Bain, Q. C., and family, Mr. H. Kingmill, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Gorrie and family, Miss Willcock, Mr. D. Campbell, Mr. Fred Phillips, Mr. James Crawford of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. E. H. Webster of Buffalo, Mr. W. H. Phillips of St. Catharines, and Mr. Notman Benjamin of Elmira, N. Y.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

One of the most delightful concerts of the season was held at the Chautauqua amphitheater last Saturday evening. The principal performers were: Mr. Anderson, a very talented young violinist, whose playing was thoroughly enjoyed and a genuine treat to all lovers of music present and who was most warmly endorsed, giving in response the sweet old favorite air, *The Last Rose of Summer*; Mr. Ramsay, the inimitable; Mrs. Murray-Dickson and Miss McGillivray, all of whom richly deserved the very hearty applause with which they were received. Miss McGillivray, who looked very bewitching in a most becoming dress of cherry-colored gauze over satin of the same shade, with a dainty little pair of French slippers to match, chose as her recitations, *Gentlemen Dick o' the Grays*, and *The Minuet*. The Minuet was especially well received, Miss McGillivray's graceful movements in the old-fashioned dance entirely captivating the hearts of the delighted audience. The choir and orchestra also gave some very beautiful selections, but the crowning treat of the evening undoubtedly was the comic song by Mr. Ramsay, *The Coquette*, by Mrs. Murray-Dickson and Mrs. Ramsay, which called forth a perfect uproar of applause, to which they responded by singing that very amusing duet, called *The Lesson*. There were at least four or five hundred present, among whom I noticed Mrs. H. Hewitt, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. J. C. Garratt, Mrs. J. Russell, Miss Gale, Miss Madeline Gale, Mr. Warren, Mr. Ferrers Kayett, Mr. F. Geddes, Miss Rosamond Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss Connie Beardmore, Mr. A. Howe, Dr. H. L. Anderson, Mrs. H. Poffard, Miss A. Poffard, Miss Edith Russell, Mr. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. T. Thompson, Miss Alma, Miss Campbell, Miss Evans, Mr. Arthur Small.

No hop, held so far this season, has been so well attended, or proved so enjoyable as that of last Saturday. The dresses were remarkably pretty, and to the inexpressible relief of many present, the young Torontonian who has so frequently appeared in a nondescript costume of no particular color or style, arrived in a dress suit, greatly to the improvement of his personal appearance and equally to the satisfaction of his partners and those to whom his other varied suits were an unfailing subject of remark. Among the large number present were Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses Colquhoun, Miss C. Arnold, Miss Bertha Pafford, Melfort Boulton, Miss Griffith of Fort Erie, Miss Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, Miss Hayes, Miss Burnett, Mr. Frank Brown of Guelph, Miss McKeown, Miss Hamilton, Capt. Milroy, Miss Miller, Miss Cameron, Mr. C. Milroy, Miss Strathy, Miss B. Strathy, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. Howe, Mr. Ferrers Kayett, Mr. Robson, Mr. Museum Boyd, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. McMann, Mr. Downey, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Leeds, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall. Among the noticeably pretty dresses were: Miss Strathy's blue china silk with sash of salmon pink, Miss B. Strathy's black net with ribbons of pink and pale green, Miss Griffith's one of the handsomest in the room, yellow china silk, Miss Burnett's white gauze, Miss Arnold's cream china silk, Mrs. Melfort Boulton's black net with crimson ribbons, Miss Hayes' crimson and white.

Rev. Septimus Jones, rector of the church of the Redeemer, Toronto, preached at both morning and evening service in St. Mark's church last Sunday in the absence of the assistant, Rev. J. C. Garratt. During the service in the morning quite a little excitement was caused by the fainting of one of the choir, Miss Avarina Evans, who was overcome by the intense heat.

Miss Katie Griffith is in town, the guest of Mrs. Kerr.

Rev. Arthur Baldwin, rector of All Saints', Toronto, was visiting his brother during the week at Detarie Lodge.

Miss Maggie Wood of St. Catharines has been spending a few weeks with Miss Beaven

at her pretty little vine covered cottage near St. Mark's church.

Mrs. Anson Campbell returned to her home in Montreal last Saturday after a stay of three weeks in the old town.

Mr. and Mrs. Pedro Alma of Toronto have arrived for a visit of a few weeks and are staying at Doyle's Hotel.

Judge Morson spent a few hours in town last Saturday.

A little one whose sweet childish beauty entitled her to a conspicuous place in the list of pretty children given in last week's issue, is Gladys, the dark-eyed, beautiful little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McNair of Cheraw, North Carolina, who are spending the summer in the town. Unless the years after strangely the sweet, thoughtful little face, with its large dark eyes and soft curves, she will assuredly shine some day among the reigning beauties of her time.

Mr. Arthur Pafford, who had been spending his holidays in town, returned to Toronto last Monday.

Mr. McPike, who has been the guest of Mrs. John Lewis during the past month or two, returned to her home in St. Louis last week, greatly to the regret of the many friends she has made during her visit here.

The death of Rev. Father Shanahan, for some years priest of St. Paul's church, robbed the church of one of her most earnest and zealous workers. The news of his death has caused the most sincere and deep grief among his many friends here, not only among those of his own flock, but among many of other denominations, by whom he was held in very high esteem.

Miss M. Hewitt, who has for some time been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fabian, in Toronto, returned home last week. Her numerous friends extend to her a very warm welcome after her lengthy absence from them.

Mrs. Fred Greydon of Deloraine, Man., spent a few days in town this week, the guest of Miss Ada Blake.

As announced by the Ven. Archdeacon McMurray from the pulpit of St. Mark's, the eloquent Professor Clarke of Toronto will preach at morning and evening services in that church to-morrow.

OTTAWA.

The "summer resort" season is now in full blast and all who can manage it have bidden themselves to where the cooling breezes blow. Around Ottawa there are any number of pleasant rural resorts, at present populated by the families of town residents. Britannia-by-the-Lake, a charming retreat within fifteen minutes of the city, takes the lead. Then there are Aylmer, Caledonia Springs, Jones' Falls, Chabot's Island, Eastman's Springs, and camping grounds without number.

For those who are forced to resile and persevere in the capital, the weekly open air concerts of the Guards' band on Parliament Hill is a delightful relaxation. On such nights the spacious paths, the close-shaven lawns and breezy terrace are thronged with promenaders enjoying alike the evening's coolness and the strains of some dreamy valse. The grounds also afford the owners of private carriages an opportunity of driving about during the intervals of the programme and of taking up advantageous positions to listen to the music. The scene is both picturesque and animated and on a moonlight night presents a *coup d'oeil*, not to be rivaled in any Canadian city. So far the concerts have been maintained at the expense of the officers and a few private citizens, but I perceive the city council has made the band a gift of \$200.

Mr. William Howe gave a delightful *At Home* at Britannia a few evenings since at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city were present. Some three hundred guests attended and enjoyed themselves hugely. Adjoining the host's residence was erected a platform on a level with the spacious verandas surrounding the house and this was beautifully decorated with evergreens and Chinese lanterns. Here dancing took place, the music being furnished by the Guards' band. Among the guests were about fifty ladies and gentlemen from Aylmer who came over in a yacht and the crew of Her Majesty's ship M. A. C. in full naval uniform, were also visible, looking very seamanlike. Refreshments were supplied *ad lib.* and during the evening a magnificent pyrotechnic display took place. The affair on the whole was most unique and will be reckoned as the entertainment par excellence of the season.

Mr. W. J. Topley returned home on Monday evening after a pleasant trip to Pittsburgh, whether Mrs. Topley accompanied him. They were three weeks in the Smoky City, guests of the Hunters' Club, to which Mr. Topley belongs. This club consists of ten members and takes its name each year from the member who killed the first head of large game the season preceding. The club this year will hunt in the Muskoka district. Mrs. Topley did not return to Ottawa, but is visiting friends in Toronto.

At a special meeting of the Ministering Children's League, at which were present Mrs. Walker, Powell, Mrs. George Taylor, Mrs. Clemons, Mrs. Cowper Cox, Miss Bishop, Miss Russell, Dr. Wicksteed, Mr. W. A. Allan and others, a resolution was adopted committing the League to the scheme of raising \$3,000 by a mortgage, for the purpose of building a wing to the present Convalescent Home, to be used as a Children's Hospital.

A new departure in weddings took place on Tuesday evening at a camping ground a few miles from the city. The parties chiefly interested were Mr. D. Hunter and Miss Minnie Brownie, residents of Ottawa, and the children of well-known merchants. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Bayne under a special tent pitched for the occasion. Miss Daisy Brownie acted as bridesmaid and Mr. J. King as best man. A number of guests were present, and the affair passed off as smoothly as if in a stately cathedral instead of the wild woods of Woodruff.

Among the departures for cooler climes this week are Miss Powell for Aylmer, Miss Merrick for Kingston, Miss Meager for Hamilton, Miss L. Wilson for Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Skinner for Little Metis, Mr. John Hodges for Nova Scotia, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Muriel Allan for a short tour in the States, Mrs. F. Wright and family of Slater Street for Britannia, Miss A. McDonald for Old Orange, Miss Maybee for Guelph and the West.

Rev. Joseph White for Newfoundland, Mr. John C. Clegg, Jr., for England, Mr. E. Seybold for the Saguenay, and Mr. George Orme for Scotland.

The following have returned to the city: Hon. John Costigan from New Brunswick, Mr. C. H. Macintosh, M.P., from Riviere du Loup, Mr. Burn, cashier of the Ottawa Bank, from Portland; Rev. Dr. Armstrong of St. Paul's church, from a holiday trip; Mr. Archibald Stewart from England; Messrs. D. Blyth, J. H. Neeve, J. G. Buchanan, W. Russell, and T. A. Russell from Old Orchard Beach, Dr. John Robertson also from Old Orchard, Dr. Thorburn from the White Mountains and Mr. Justice Patterson and family from the lakes and Montreal.

Miss Bertha Wright, the famous lady evangelist, left this week for Northfield, Mass., where she will attend a convention called by Mr. Moody.

Col. Freeman L. Daniels, Staff Lieut-General of the Patriarchs Militant I.O.O.F., has gone to Chicago to attend the triennial convention.

Col. George Ince of the customs department has departed on a tour of the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. Alder D. Bliss left on Tuesday to rusticate for a few weeks at Blanche, on Butter's Lake.

Mr. Peter Buchanan of the Indian department, who has been absent over twelve months on sick leave, has returned, much improved in health and intends to resume duty.

Mr. Joseph Walton of Middlesex-on-Tees and Mr. Henry Fawcett of Newcastle-on-Tyne made a brief stay in the city this week while

on their way to the Rocky Mountains on a shooting expedition.

Mrs. G. K. Shoenburger of Cincinnati is visiting her brother-in-law, Hon. Wm. McDougall.

Mrs. J. H. Pocock, St. Louis, is in town on a visit and staying at Mrs. Cope's, Maria street.

Miss Doyle of Hawkesbury is visiting her relatives at the Capital.

Mrs. Lizzie Reed and Miss Hattie Reed of Hamilton are in the city, the guests of Miss Celia Bradley of O'Connor street.

Mrs. A. J. Jackson, of Ridesay street is spending a few days at Prescott, with her uncle, Mr. Edward Jackson, collector of customs there.

Rev. Mr. Hartington and family are spending their vacation on Green's Creek.

Mr. Lawson Wills has returned to the city after a seven months' stay in England where he had been boozing the Buckingham phosphate mines.

Mr. Tennent, librarian of the Supreme Court, has purchased a small farm near Templeton and will devote all his spare time to raising high-priced vegetables.

Mr. Chamberlain, general manager of the Canada Atlantic Railway Company, is indisposed.

BARRIE.

An exceedingly pleasant *At Home* was given by Lieut.-Colonel O'Brien and the officers of the 35th Battalion (Simcoe Foresters) on Wednesday, July 30, at The Woods, Shanty Bay, the residence of Colonel O'Brien. A large number of invitations were sent out, and a great many availed themselves of the pleasure of attending. The weather was not quite what one could have wished, being showery during the day, consequently the grounds were rather damp for promenading. Also a number from a distance were prevented from coming owing to the inclemency of the weather. Notwithstanding this it was considered a delightful event. The band of the 35th Battalion played several selections in their usual excellent style.

Another musical treat was enjoyed in the drawing-room by those who preferred spending the time indoors instead of on the lawn.

A few good games of tennis were played during the afternoon. Among those present I noticed Senator and Mrs. Gowan, Mr. and Mrs. John Strathy, Major and Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Grasset of Toronto, Rev. F. J. and Mrs. White, Mr. Jude Ardagh, Captain and Mrs. Bird, Lieut. and Miss Kortright, Miss Major, Major and Mrs. Ward, Dr. Raikes of Midland, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Michie of Toronto, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanbridge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radnor, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. D. H. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thompson of Toronto, Mr. H. Ardagh, Mr. H. Raikes, Mr. George Esten, Miss Schreiber, Mr. A. Petersen, Miss Wilson, Mr. T. B. Boys, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. Bennett of Midland, Mr. Arthur Ardagh, Major and Mrs. Burnett of Orillia, Captain McPhee, Lieut. Gray of Coldwater and others.

The tennis tournament between Barrie and Orillia came off on Friday afternoon, August 1. About thirty members of the Barrie club went by the steam yacht *Sea Flower* and had a most

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

OTTAWA.

The "summer resort" season is now in full blast and all who can manage it have bidden themselves to where the cooling breezes blow. Around Ottawa there are any number of pleasant rural resorts, at present populated by the families of town residents. Britannia-by-the-Lake, a charming retreat within fifteen minutes of the city, takes the lead. Then there are Aylmer, Caledonia Springs, Jones' Falls, Chabot's Island, Eastman's Springs, and camping grounds without number.

For those who are forced to resile and persevere in the capital, the weekly open air concerts of the Guards' band on Parliament Hill is a delightful relaxation. On such nights the spacious paths, the close-shaven lawns and breezy terrace are thronged with promenaders enjoying alike the evening's coolness and the strains of some dreamy valse. The grounds also afford the owners of private carriages an opportunity of driving about during the intervals of the programme and of taking up advantageous positions to listen to the music. The scene is both picturesque and animated and on a moonlight night presents a *coup d'oeil*, not to be rivaled in any Canadian city. So far the concerts have been maintained at the expense of the officers and a few private citizens, but I perceive the city council has made the band a gift of \$200.

Mr. William Howe gave a delightful *At Home* at Britannia a few evenings since at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city were present. Some three hundred guests attended and enjoyed themselves hugely. Adjoining the host's residence was erected a platform on a level with the spacious verandas surrounding the house and this was beautifully decorated with evergreens and Chinese lanterns. Here dancing took place, the music being furnished by the Guards' band. Among the guests were about fifty ladies and gentlemen from Aylmer who came over in a yacht and the crew of Her Majesty's ship M. A. C. in full naval uniform, were also visible, looking very seamanlike. Refreshments were supplied *ad lib.* and during the evening a magnificent pyrotechnic display took place. The affair on the whole was most unique and will be reckoned as the entertainment par excellence of the season.

Mr. W. J. Topley returned home on Monday evening after a pleasant trip to Pittsburgh, whether Mrs. Topley accompanied him. They were three weeks in the Smoky City, guests of the Hunters' Club, to which Mr. Topley belongs. This club consists of ten members and takes its name each year from the member who killed the first head of large game the season preceding. The club this year will hunt in the Muskoka district. Mrs. Topley did not return to Ottawa, but is visiting friends in Toronto.

Strauss will also appear in Montreal Sept. 15; Ottawa, Sept. 16; Hamilton, Sept. 18; London, Sept. 19.

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

AFTERNOON } SEPTEMBER 17

EVENING } SEPTEMBER 18

AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 18

Three Grand Concerts by the Famous

STRAUSS ORCHESTRA

Subscription lists now open in Montreal, Vancouver and Victoria. Reserved seats \$1.00 and \$1.50; afternoon, \$1 and \$1.50. PERCIVAL T. GREENE, Manager Toronto Concerts.

Strauss will also appear in Montreal Sept. 15; Ottawa, Sept. 16; Hamilton, Sept. 18; London, Sept. 19.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

A new arrival—Children's Two-wheeled Carts, 5c.; Wheelbarrows, 10c. Elegant assortment of Dolls. Those beautiful Red Chairs we are selling for 25c. each, or the set—Rocker, Arm Chair and High Chair—for 70c., are 40c. to 50c. apiece usually. The best Window Scrubber and Cleaner in the world 19c., worth 40c. to 50c. elsewhere. The best Carpet Sweeper made, the "Excelsior," made at Grand Rapids, \$2.44, worth \$3.50. Do not be bothered with flies. Our "Daisy" Fly Killer, 17c.; Glass Fly Traps, 21c.; Wire Fly Traps, 14c., are

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

delightful trip, as the weather was charming. A few went by train, then both parties met in Orillia and had an exceedingly pleasant time, and it will be seen indeed before the members of this club can forget the kindness and hospitality of their friends in Orillia, who were indefatigable in their efforts to make the few hours enjoyable that were allotted to the visiting club to spend in their town. Instead of going into details I will just give the result of the match, viz.: Barrie was successful in seventeen sets to two gained by Orillia. The last game and the remaining singles will be played off on the day of the return match. Those from Barrie who took part in the tournament were Miss Kortright, Miss Spy, Miss Stewart, Miss N. Baker, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. C. Stewart, Mr. H. Ardagh, Mr. D. Stewart.

Mrs. W. King of Montreal and child are spending a few weeks in town. Her old friends are pleased to see her again.

Mrs. L. Beatty left this week to visit friends in Cobourg.

Miss Miller and Mr. E. Ager of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. D. Holmes.

Mr. G. Morgan of Toronto is spending a few weeks with a camping party at Big Bay Point.

OCULISTS.

Mr. Robert and Miss Mathison have returned from their trip to the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neilson of Kansas City are visiting Mrs. Neilson of John street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Northrop and Mrs. George are at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Beifield Granum of the Bank of Commerce has resigned his position and intends leaving for Edinburgh, Scotland, this month.

Mr. Ferris of the Bank of Commerce has gone on a relieving trip to Stratford.

Rev. S. Daw, rector of Christ Church, Mr. J. H. Simpson and sons intend leaving next week for a canoeing trip on the lakes in North Hastings.

Mr. W. Douglas has returned from his holiday trip to Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Irrie Ashcroft, nee McGann, of Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, are visiting relatives here.

Mr. J. Lyons Biggar and family are at the Sandbanks, Prince Edward County.

Miss May Biggar is the girl of Mrs. John Bell at Wellington, Prince Edward County.

Miss Ma Smith and Miss Welding of Bradford are the guests of Mrs. H. Mathison.

Miss Hattie Willson, daughter of Dr. B. S. Willson, is at the Island, Toronto, with Mrs. Saukey.

Got to Have Some Sporting News.

"How about that prize fight out in the suburbs?" inquired the managing editor.

"Didn't come off. Police stopped it," answered the night editor.

"Any baseball games played here this afternoon?"

"None of any consequence. It rained."

"Wasn't there any racing to-day?"

"None. Postponed on account of the weather."

"Any baseball, racing, or prize ring news by telephone?"

"Hardly any."

"Then take that war news from Central America out of the Brevities by Wire corner, put a scare head on it, and run it at the head of the sporting column. Great Gallagher! We've got to have something in that department!"

Chicago Tribune.

Greased it Once.

I had been looking over the battle fields around Marietta, Ga., and was five miles from the town when a cracked came along with an ox and a cart and offered me a lift. After riding some distance, I realized that both wheels were sadly in need of grease, and I asked him why he didn't lubricate.

"What for?" he asked.

"To make the cart draw more easily."

"Sho! This yere ox doan' mind. He 'un doan' know."

"But it would stop the squeaking."

"Yes, I reckon, but the squeakin' doan' hurt."

"It would save your wheels," I finally said.

"Sho! This old cawt ain't wuth savin'."

" Didn't you ever grease it?" I persisted.

"Once, A Yankee rode to town with me and bought me a box of stuff."

"How did it work?"

"Mighty slick, but we dun spread it on hoe cake, and ate it all up in a week." —N. Y. Sun.

A Sweet Thing on Ice.

A popular coat of arms among the nouveau riche this season is a chunk of ice, ice-pick and motto: Help Yourself. —Detroit Free Press.

A Working Manager Was Beyond Him.

When the railroad was built through Bulgaria, about twenty years ago, the whole business of constructing and running it was in the hands of the English. The contractor's habit of looking after everything personally greatly puzzled the Turks. They could not make out who were in authority. At one time, when a construction train was to be run from a country station down to Verna, a local pasha came up to the man who was dispatching the train and asked for a passage. The favor was granted. Then the official wanted the train to wait until his baggage arrived. After a delay of an hour or so, a string of fifty bullock carts appeared with "baggage." The Turk was promptly informed that the train could not take such a load, and would not take any part of it. The man in charge ordered the train to start. The pasha was left behind, indignantly threatening to complain to the manager. Two days later the Turk was in Verna, inquiring for the superintendent of the railway. He found his way to the office, and was announced by a servant as "One great big pasha. He come to you, sir." It was not until after the injured pasha had seated himself that he discovered before him the very man whom he had complained of. The interview is reported by the guilty party. In a rage the Turk turned to his servant and said: "Eshkass, you have made a mistake!" "Yes, Efendi, I have—

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Its matchless tone qualities command the highest appreciation of every true musician. Eminent pianists speak of THE MASON & RISCH TONE as a distinguishing feature. Its brilliancy, purity, and delicacy; its responsive sympathy with the artist's most fastidious taste, and its grand range of expression, are characteristic qualities which distinguish THE MASON & RISCH TONE from that of all other makes of pianofortes.

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but they said this was the head man of the iron road." "Pah, pig, hold your tongue." Then, coldly turning to me, he said that he wished to speak in private to the manager of the railway. I at once asked my assistant to leave the room, but the pasha stopped him, and asked: "Who is the manager here?" I said: "I am, and I shall be most happy if I can be of service to you." The pasha gave a low whistle and then, beginning to grin, said: "True! Then I have made a mistake. I called to complain to you of your own conduct the day before yesterday, and was going to ask for your dismissal. What shall I do now?" "Have coffee and a cigarette, and believe me it was only the utter impossibility of doing as you wished that forced me to leave you on the road."

Manitou Resort, Lake Nipissing.

These islands, unequalled for their picture-que beauty and the fine base fishing around them, are now thrown open to the public. Beautiful camp sites are free to parties preferring to camp. A private steam yacht runs twice daily to North Bay, five miles distant. The finest bathing beach in Canada extends for a quarter of a mile in front of houses and camping groves. An excursion leaves Toronto on July 31, for North Bay. For further particulars write to Manager "Manitou," North Bay P. O.

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GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Court House, Adelaide Street and 138 Carlton Street.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ALLAN—At Hamilton, on July 31, Mrs. J. G. Allan—a daughter.

MCDONAGH—At Toronto, on August 1, Mrs. McDonagh—a son.

SHAW—At Toronto, on July 20, Mrs. John A. Shaw—a son, still born.

WHITE—At Toronto, on July 28, Mrs. Stuart White—a son.

RADCLIFFE—At Toronto, on August 3, Mrs. William Radcliffe—twins girls.

MCDERMOTT—At Owen Sound, on August 1, Mrs. J. F. McDermott—a daughter.

HASTINGS—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. C. J. Hastings—a son.

MCILVENNY—At Toronto, on August 6, Mrs. J. W. McIlvenny—a daughter.

REID—At Toronto, on August 3, Mrs. George P. Reid—a daughter.

HAMILTON—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton—a son.

WARRICK—At Toronto, on July 25, Mrs. John Warwick—a son.

PARKHILL—At Toronto, on August 2, Mrs. A. E. Parkhill—a son.

MILLS—At Ridgewood, on August 3, Mrs. N. Mills—a daughter.

PATTERSON—At Toronto, on August 4, Mrs. R. L. Patterson—a son.

Marriages.

RUTHERFORD—McFARLANE—At St. Thomas' church, on August 6, by Rev. J. C. Roper, rector. R. Percival Rutherford, youngest son of the late E. H. Rutherford, and Edith Arnold, only daughter of John M. McFarlane, grand niece of the late Right Rev. Duncan McFarlane, D.D., LL.D., of Glasgow Cathedral, Principal of Glasgow University, and of Dr. McFarlane of the same city.

BROWN—HANDBIDGE—At Toronto, on July 30, Arthur D. Brown to Sadie Hanbridge.

MCLEOD—MCLEOD—At Kincardine, on July 30, Rev. J. McLeod of Medicine Hat, Alta., to Lillie McPherson.

POUND—CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on July 31, Ernest G. Pound to Minnie Campbell.

PELL—BARNETT—At Toronto, on July 30, H. Sutton Pell to Louise Barnett.

ROSE—AUSTIN—At Montreal, on July 31, John B. Rose to Charlotte De Clare Austin.

WILLIAMSON—FOSTER—At Toronto, on July 31, John Burton Williamson of Selkirk, Scotland, to M. E. Foster.

SCOTT—MCBRIDE—At Toronto, on July 29, David H. Scott to Mabel McBride.

Deaths.

BAUGHMAN—Drowned while bathing at Stoney Lake on August 1st, F. W. Baughman, Disciple Minister of Bowmanville, aged 27 years. Much lamented by a large circle of friends.

CASSELS—At Toronto, on July 31, W. G. Cassels, aged 79 years.

GRANT—At Toronto, on August 5, Lewis Grant, aged 22 years.

KENNEDY—At Guelph, on August 5, Mrs. David Kennedy, aged 56 years.

RUSSELL—At Bradford, on July 3, Mrs. Robert Russell, aged 67 years.

BUCHANAN—At Toronto, on August 3, Thomas Butler, aged 21 years.

NAPOLITANO—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. E. Napolitano, aged 20 years.

WILSON—At Toronto, on August 1, Violet Edna Wilson, aged 1 year.

ATKINSON—At Toronto, on August 2, Thomas Atkinson, aged 1 year.

AIKEN—At Toronto, on August 3, Jane Eliza Aiken, aged 17 years.

DOYLE—At Toronto, on August 2, Patrick Doyle, aged 4 years.

HOPERS—Alma Mary, infant daughter of M. J. and A. C. Rogers.

COPLAND—At Toronto, on August 8, Charles Arthur Montanair Copland, aged 9 months.

HITCHCOCK—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. Caroline Hitchcock, aged 82 years.

MORSE—At Toronto, on August 5, Victoria May Morse, aged 5 months.

RISEBROUGH—At Newtonbrook, on August 4, Mrs. John H. Risebrough, aged 29 years.

BRIGGS—At Parkdale, on August 3, Gertrude Mander Briggs.

CREELMAN—On August 3, Laura Cumming Creelman, aged 1 year.

MCLEAR—At Toronto, on August 3, Willie McClear, aged 2 years.

STURROCK—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on August 4, Lizzie Sturrock.

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Having purchased a Manufacturer's stock of these goods at 75c. on the dollar, we will for the balance of the month offer a special discount of 25 per cent. off our regular prices. These goods range in price from \$2.50 to \$12 and are certainly the cheapest rubber goods ever offered in the city.